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GLEANINGS IN BEE CULTURE

A JOURNAL
DEVOTED
TO BEES
AND HONEY
AND HOME
INTERESTS.

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No. 17.

STRAY STRAWS FROM DR. C. C. MILLER.

AUGUST 18. Honey harvest never entirely stopped yet, but I think it's about done now.

APPLES are abundant in this region. That means a bad fall for bees. Cider-mills.

THE NEW WOMAN will be after Bro. Hasty, who talks in *Review* about "combs manned with bees."

MY ACRE OF ALSIKE has, August 19, a second crop fully equal to the first, with, I think, more bees on it.

GLAD TO SEE A. I. Root is part of the Board of Trustees of the Anti-saloon League. Needs good lumber in that board.

I WAS AFRAID queens might go into sections more with thick top-bars than with honey-boards, but my fears have not been realized this summer.

COWAN'S British Bee-keeper's Guide-book has had such a run that the thirtieth thousand is now out. No other bee-book has ever been translated into so many languages.

I'M LOOKING with much interest for the replies to those questions sent to honey-dealers, as also the ones sent to producers, p. 610. Good scheme. [See replies in another column.—ED.]

HUTCHINSON says he has never experienced the difficulty T. H. Kloer has through queens leaving nuclei after being taken from full colonies. I have, and I'll venture the guess that Mr. Kloer's nuclei are too weak.

I DON'T KNOW of a buckwheat-field within reach of my bees, but I've had several buckwheat swarms—something very unusual with me. Or would you call it a buckwheat swarm when it comes in the middle of August?

AND NOW it's Rambler, in *The Pacific Bee Journal*, who repeats the—the—mistake that I oppose shipping honey east from California. I hope he will have his usual manliness, and

make the proper correction when he finds himself in error. Some others seem to have forgotten to do so.

WHAT ASSUMPTION on the part of A. I. Root to interpolate the word "pleasant" in that classic line,

And we'll settle on the banks of the O-hi-o.

That's the way we boys and girls sang it in Pennsylvania when "going west" meant going to Ohio.

ELECTROPOISE, as mentioned on page 617, is reduced from \$25 to \$10; but it should have been added that it's only for a time—just to introduce it, you know. Now's the chance for us all to make a fortune—buy at \$10, wait for the rise, then sell at \$25. Wonder how many it will be safe for me to invest in.

V-SHAPED SELF-SPACERS are not among the things I've monkeyed with lately, friend Corey (p. 600). No V-shape for me. I want a nail with a head $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick and $\frac{1}{16}$ across. The editor wants my order for several thousand pounds at \$1 a pound, but I want only 10 pounds at that price. Please send the 10 pounds by express, Mr. Editor.

"I FULLY BELIEVE that, by some means, we shall yet find some profitable method of preventing swarming," says the editor of *Review*. That sounds a good deal better, W. Z., than when you talk about no further advance to be made in bee-keeping. [Just what I have been saying too, and I did not know that my brother-editor had been voicing the same sentiment. "Great minds run," etc.—ED.]

FRIEND COGGSHALL wants me to save ordering that 1000 pounds of special nails, by using small staples for frame-spacers; but the staples when crowded would be buried in the wood. G. W. Petrie comes very close to the mark by using, in place of the desired nail-heads, little cylinders of wood $\frac{1}{4}$ in. wide and $\frac{1}{8}$ long, driving wire nails through them, and having a furniture-nail to space the end of the top-bar. [If I am not mistaken, doctor, 1000 such nails, to say nothing of pounds, would be more than

you would put into actual use. We could turn out 100 in a lathe, and these would give you an opportunity to try them in 12 eight-frame hives. I have been trying something very similar, and did not like it a little bit; but why, I can not explain. If you will whittle out a piece of wood, or file a piece of metal just exactly as you want it, we will make 100 for you.—ED.]

WHAT YOU SAY on p. 614, friend Root, makes me wonder why it is that there is such a low grade of morals generally prevailing as to stealing any thing to eat. Thousands who would never think of stealing five or ten cents in money have no compunctions about taking—they don't seem to think of it as stealing—five or ten cents' worth of fruit or honey; and causing the loss of a colony of bees for the sake of getting a little honey is only a "joke."

THE AVERAGE WEIGHT of a prime swarm, according to J. M. S., in *American Bee Journal*, who weighed all his swarms for two years, is 6 pounds, the heaviest being 8 and the lightest 5½ pounds. Second swarms averaged 3 pounds. These were from eight-frame hives. [Quite a number of years ago we bought swarms of the farmers at so much a pound. The bees were brought in their hiving-boxes or hives just as they had been shaken from the limb. Boxes, bees, and all were weighed on accurate scales, the bees dumped out, and then the box re-weighed to get the weight of the bees. The bigger the swarm, the more we had to pay; and there was never any "kick" on either side as to the price of a certain swarm, as the scales settled it. We bought in all something like 50 swarms that season, and, if my memory serves me correctly, the weights corresponded very closely with those you have just given.—ED.]

SAY, ERNEST, you keep out from between Skylark and me or you'll get hurt. So you don't understand how I can "separate sections from the wood." Well, I'll tell you. I take a knife and I cut all around the section of honey, lifting off the wooden section and leaving the section of honey on the plate, thus "separating the section from the wood." That's the way we call things at Marengo; how do you call them at Medina? Isn't it a "section of honey" you have on the table? and isn't the wood separated before it's put on the table? [In using the term *section* we sometimes mean the wood and the honey, but never for the honey alone. The term *section* more often applies to wood that surrounds the honey. Yes, sir, we separate the section of honey from the wood around it just as you do; but we always refer to it as cutting the honey out of the section.—ED.]

WHEN I READ p. 617 I went right straight and put a pan of salt into one of our cisterns that hasn't been used for some time because of its bad smell. We'll see what the salt will do.

But I don't propose to stir it with any aerating pump, for that alone ought to sweeten it. [Fire-insurance men in many cases recommend barrels of water standing upon the different floors of factory buildings. Salt is often recommended to keep the water sweet. A few days ago the boys reported that our barrels of water were "smelling awful bad," and they wanted me to come up and take a smell. I then remembered that we had not complied with the directions in putting in salt, or, what is perhaps a little better, carbonate of soda. But, say; those barrels of water without any salt in them, as they had stood two or three weeks, did smell "awful bad," and no mistake. They have been "doctored" and are now keeping nice and sweet. If it works well on a small scale, why shouldn't it on a large? But I wouldn't recommend carbonate of soda for cisterns.—ED.]

THE VETERANS are beginning to go. Corneil and Pringle in Canada, and now B. Taylor on this side. We'll miss them all. Who'll go next? [Yes, and a couple more would have gone had it not been for the Salisbury treatment. One of his patients talked beef diet to B. Taylor. If he had gone on to it, I believe he would have been alive to-day, old as he was. Our friend Mr. Pringle was an earnest advocate of a vegetarian diet; and he too, I believe, might have been numbered with the living had he believed as thoroughly in the Salisbury treatment. While I do not call myself a veteran, nor place myself alongside these names, I wish to say that I never enjoyed better health than to-day. Yesterday a bee-keeper who met me two years ago at the Toledo convention said he would have hardly known me, as I had filled out so much and looked so much better. "Why," said he, "I went home and told my folks that I did not believe Ernest would live very long; but now," he continued, "you look so well and strong." I am not on the diet now; but when I do not feel just right, back I go on to the diet, and out I come from my slight indisposition. My own experience is only a repetition of A. I. R.'s, Dr. C. C. Miller's, Harry Lathrop's, and quite a number of others' who are known personally to me but not to the bee-keeping world.—ED.]

R. L. TAYLOR says in *Review*, "Not more than one or two per cent of the colonies did any thing at all in the supers before casting swarms, and many did not wait to fill the combs in the brood-nest." There it is again. Lots of room seems to work for the Dadants but not for everybody else. [Giving lots of room, *a la* Dadants, works nicely with us; but I want to say that I find that empty combs in a single eight frame brood-nest do not necessarily act as a preventive of swarming; but where we have had two eight-frame brood-nests, one on top of the other, making a capacity of more

than one of Dadant's large hives, even if those two hives were tolerably well filled with brood and honey, there has been very little if any swarming; but wherever possible we try to arrange to have a set of extracting-combs on one of these double stories. Having such I would almost guarantee that there would be no swarming, either at Mr. Taylor's or at your place. It is not so much, then, empty combs in a *small* brood-nest as it is in having a large amount of hive capacity; and I am not so sure but a large amount of brood with lots of bees tends rather to contentment, so far as other quarters are concerned, than otherwise, providing that they are in a large hive; but this large amount of brood and bees must be in a good-sized hive.—ED.]



A NEW UNION AND HONEY EXCHANGE.

The North American meets the 7th of October next. This is just the chance you want to form and organize a new union and honey exchange—national in every respect. There will be present a large number of bee-keepers—men of national reputation, almost equal to myself, and you will not get such a body together soon again. Take the constitution of the present Union and add ample power to protect bee-keepers in every thing that relates to their calling—power to fight adulteration in the legislative halls, in the courts, and in the streets. This question of adulteration overtops all others that confront us at the present time. Every thing else dwindles into utter insignificance before it. It is the greatest enemy we have to fight. One man or a few men can do nothing; but a great organized body, cemented together by mutual interests and a common objective point, would be invincible in pleading for the right in the legislative hall or in a court of justice. This hydra-headed monster, Adulteration, that has started up in our path, is the only one that bids fair at the present time to destroy us in the end. Its utter destruction and annihilation is our only salvation. "Is life so dear or peace so sweet" that we will stand idly here and allow our enemy to sweep over us, carrying every thing before him? No! a thousand times no! I don't want to say any thing against the little Union, and I won't; but I have examined it with my little microscope, and it appears to watch that \$700 very much as a little bulldog watches a bone that he has laid away for future use. A national union and honey exchange would soon absorb it, for the members of the Union, as it is, would

see that they could get much more protection in the new organization. This institution would be the great bulwark of our liberty—the fortress from which would belch forth the thunder of our cannon on evil-doers—a protection and a defense at all times and under all circumstances. Don't talk to me about the expense of it. I hate expenses. A man would actually make money by his membership. Can you buy \$100 worth of supplies as cheap as you can buy 25 carloads? Well, that is exactly what this union and exchange would do—buy in large lots and sell to members at cost, plus expense of handling. To outsiders it might sell at a fair profit, benefiting even them. Any bee-keeper would make much more than his outlay for membership by belonging to it.

And last, but not least, there is the great and paramount object of having your honey handled honestly. It would be no joint stock company, where a few men can get rich at the expense of the many. Every man would be just as good as another, and a great deal better. This institution would eventually control the honey market, and get much better prices for our product. Thousands would flock into it, for they can see they would be making money by it. If a man can *see* he is losing money by staying out, how long will he stay there? If they can see, as they will see, that it is a blessing and a free lunch to be in, won't they tumble in pell-mell? Some say we are talking too much; that action is what is wanted, and then they go on and talk a good deal more. Well, why don't *they* act—take the lead without talk? the fact is, no one seems willing to make a leader of himself. But now a great body of leading bee-keepers is about to come together at Lincoln, Neb., and it is to them we must look if any thing is to be accomplished at the present time. Turn the North American, with its present membership, into a new "Union and Honey Exchange," and in three months there will be 1000 names on its rolls, and it will increase so fast that the little Union will march up to its treasury and cast in its little trifle of \$700. Let the headquarters be at Chicago, the hotbed and sink of adulteration. First fight for pure-food laws, and then fight to get them executed, and it will not be long until the hydra-headed monster is laid low in the dust.

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

Mr. Editor, I have struck it rich. I thought I ought to tell this at once, and unfold to all beedom this unthought-of discovery. But it might be too much of a shock; and then again some of you will not be satisfied. You will want to breed off its tail and its wings, while others will want to breed out the swarming fever; and yet, how do I know I shall get another chance? "We know not what a day may bring forth." This great truth was indelibly fixed in my memory by the "stop short

never to go again" of a friend of mine. I had known him for three long days and nights as an exemplary citizen and a pattern to the rising generation. In taking a walk to the next town he found a rope and took it with him. He didn't know that a horse had hitched himself to it until after he sold the rope for \$50. Then there was a hue and cry raised, and in 15 minutes my friend found himself at the other end of the rope, dancing on this delicious climate. He didn't know "what a day would bring forth." What a blessed thing is climate, anyway!



THE HONEY MARKET OF THE UNITED STATES FOR 1896.

POINTERS ON PUTTING UP HONEY, FROM HONEY-MEN; PROPER SIZE AND SHAPE OF SHIPPING-CASES; PREFERRED WEIGHT OF SECTIONS; BEST TIME OF SELLING, AND EXTENT OF THE HONEY RECEIPTS SO FAR.

[It will be remembered that, in our last issue, I called for answers to a set of questions propounded to commission men and honey-buyers, who render us regularly honey quotations in our Honey Column in GLEANINGS. The answers from the various honey-men are now all or nearly all in; and, taken as a whole, the matter will be found to be exceedingly valuable. No bee-keeper who expects to send his honey away to market can afford to do so without first reading over these replies. To save the reader the trouble of looking back to our last issue to the set of questions which were propounded, I reproduce them here.—ED.]

1. What style and size of shipping-case is best suited for your market?
2. What style of package for extracted honey in bulk—that is, whether square cans or barrels and kegs?
3. What weight of sections seems to sell best?
4. What time in the year do you secure the best prices?
5. What effect will the absence of California honey have on the price of Eastern honey?
6. From your receipts so far of honey, how does this season compare with that of last year?

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 10.

1. Best white comb honey should be only in 20-lb. cases of twenty 1-lb. combs each as nearly as can be, and to run under 20 lbs. net rather than over, and the cases with two glass fronts, but no glass on the comb frames.
2. Extracted should be in 1 or 2 lb. tin cans, same as canned goods, as they can then be readily retailed to consumers.
3. One-pound combs, light weight, or not to exceed 1 lb., sell best.
4. Honey sells best usually, from September to December, and drags some at other times.
5. Buffalo has never been seriously affected

by California honey, except occasional seasons. Its absence should favorably affect our markets.

6. Receipts somewhat earlier than usual, and a surplus of fruit causes moderate demand as yet, although perhaps slowly increasing.

BATTERSON & Co.

Detroit, Mich., Aug. 8.

1. 12-lb., 3 row.
2. Square cans.
3. One-pound.
4. Fall.
5. Can't tell.
6. Much better.

M. H. HUNT.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 8.

1. Neat new basswood, 20 combs. 18 to 20 lbs. net; two-thirds cartons, one-third glass fronts.
2. Five-gallon square cans.
3. One-pound, but not ov.
4. Sept. 1st to Jan. 1st.
5. Very little, as eastern honey is plentiful.
6. About the same.

E. E. BLAKE & Co.

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 10.

1. We prefer the 24 sections, single tier.
2. The square cans, and barrels or kegs for cheap grade of honey.
3. Some dealers prefer light sections, and some full weight.
4. In the fall.
5. Will have a tendency to make prices firmer.
6. Our receipts are lighter this year than they were last, up to this time.

C. C. CLEMONS & Co.

Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 14.

1. 24-lb. single-tier, glass one side.
2. For grocer trade, 5-lb. round cans; for manufacturers, kegs.
3. One-pound, full weight.
4. October and November.
5. None whatever; cheaper this year than ever.

I do not class myself as a commission man. I always feel sorry when I hear of any goods being consigned to me. I desire to buy outright, and desire to quote market so goods will be offered to me.

Wm. A. SELSER.

Minneapolis, Minn., Aug. 8.

1. We think that large cases for shipping comb honey to hold, say, eighteen 24-lb. sections, is perhaps the best arrangement that has come under our observation and experience. By all means avoid miscellaneous boxes. Have uniform sizes all around.

2. Square tin cans holding five gallons, or about 60 lbs. each, packed two to the wooden case, with a wooden partition between, strong tinware, and good cases, by all means.

3. One-pound sections.

4. October, November, and December for comb; and these months, with the early spring months added, for extracted.

5. The failure of the California crop will enable Eastern producers to market their stocks at better prices. Still, there will be plenty of honey.

6. Our receipts of local-grown comb honey this year have already been numerous, and are of a much better quality than those we have had in previous years. There is in this section of the country a marked improvement in the method of producing, packing, grading, and shipping honey, which promises well for the future. The flavor of this year's Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Northern Iowa honey is unusually good.

S. H. HALL & Co.

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 10.

1. Cases with glass fronts, 24 to 36 lbs.
2. Choice white in cans, either jacket or square; common and amber in barrels.
3. One-pound.
4. First of October to first of January.
5. Should tend to stiffen prices. There is quite a good deal of old California in our market.
6. Receipts are lighter.

WESTCOTT COMMISSION CO.

Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 8.

1. Single-story cases, 10, 20, and 30 lbs. each.
2. Either or all kinds of packages named mostly preferred; kegs and 60-lb. cans and half-barrels for white honey; dark honey in barrels and half-barrels.
3. One-pound sections, almost invariably.
4. There is no regular rule; usually early shipments in September.
5. It will have a tendency to improve values.
6. The receipts have been more and earlier, for new.

A. V. BISHOP & CO.

Cleveland, O., Aug. 7.

1. Cases containing 24 sections of about 20 to 22 lbs. weight.
2. Packages for extracted honey, square cans holding about 60 lbs.
3. Weight of sections should be a little less than one pound.
4. We get the best prices in August and September, but sell more goods in December and January.
5. We do not think the absence of California honey will have very much effect.
6. Receipts of honey so far have been more than last year up to this time.

WILLIAMS BROS.

Denver, Col., Aug. 10.

1. For comb honey, a double-tier 24-lb. shipping-case.
2. For extracted honey, 60-lb. cans, two in case.
3. Full-weight sections, 16 oz. to lb., sell best (16 to 1).
4. We get the best prices in the early spring months.
5. It will have the effect of giving us better prices and sales.
6. Our honey receipts so far are lighter than last year.

R. K. & J. C. FRISBEE.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 8, 1896.

1. 12 and 24 lb.
2. 60-lb. cans and barrels.
3. Sections weighing not to exceed 16 ounces and not less than 15.
4. September and October.
5. All commodities are extremely low this year—pork, grain, potatoes, apples, butter, and eggs and dried fruits. We believe the condition of the country doesn't warrant high prices on comb honey. We will endeavor to hold our market on fancy white 1-lb. sections at 15c per lb. We can not predict at this writing, but will be in position to answer this question about September 1.
6. Our receipts this year far surpass any other year as to quality. We will say the quality is excellent. The shipping-cases are perfect.

S. T. FISH & CO.

Riverside, Cal., Aug. 10.

1. 24-lb. shipping-cases are what the trade asks for, for comb honey; 5-gallon square cans are cheaper, and best package we have for extracted honey in California.

2. Buyers of comb honey frequently stipulate that sections shall not weigh more than one pound.

3. I would advocate the uniform use of 1½ sections, and that producers always use separators.

4. The time of year in which best prices are realized depends altogether on the extent of the crop, both in the year in which selling is done and the year previous. We realized best prices in California in July of last year, owing to the partial failure of the eastern crop the year before. This season, when light crop follows large one, best prices will be realized later.

5. Eastern honey should be higher.

6. Honey crop in California for 1896 will be about 7 per cent of the crop of 1895. There will not be one car of honey made in California from wild forage-plants.

B. F. BROOKS.

Springfield, Mass., Aug. 11.

1. We prefer a package containing 25 to 30 lbs. honey, in short 1-lb. packages.

2. We have had very little to do with extracted honey, therefore we could not give a satisfactory answer to this question. We do not handle sufficient to quote on.

3. Answered in No. 1. Short pounds sell best in this market.

4. From the latter part of August to the first of January we have our best market, although we have had a very nice trade from January 1st until April 1st in some seasons, owing to the condition of other things in the market at the time that tend to take away the sale of honey.

5. We have had very little California honey in this market, therefore do not know how it would affect the sale of York State honey.

6. We can not give you any answer that will be in any way satisfactory to you, as the season has not yet commenced for honey, and will not for about two weeks as yet. We expect to have a very satisfactory sale of honey this fall, and no doubt we shall have a very nice market.

PERKINS & HATCH.

New York, Aug. 10.

1. Single-tier, holding 24 one-pound sections.

2. California and Arizona, in 60-lb. cans, 2 in case; southern and western, in barrels and half-barrels; New York State and Eastern, in kegs. The trade being accustomed to these packages, we would not favor changing them.

3. One-pound section only, light weight always. No demand for any other size or weight.

4. For comb honey, during September, October, and part of November. Extracted selling all the year, will depend on supply and demand.

5. There is no total absence of California honey; besides, quite a lot was carried over. Last year's crop of California honey was very large, while in all other producing centers it was very light. This year it is the reverse, large crop all over excepting California. The competition of California, therefore, being nominal, fair prices should be obtainable for eastern and western honey. If the crop of California had turned out as large as that of last year, there is no doubt that prices would have gone still lower than those of last year.

6. Receipts from the South have been much larger than those of last season. No receipts from other centers as yet.

HILDRETH BROS. & SEGELKEN.

Cincinnati, O., Aug. 10. *

1. Glassed cases holding 12, 20, or 24 lb. sections, no difference whether single or double tier, are most popular.

2. Barrels, half-barrels, and crates of two

60-lb. tin cans are alike acceptable to manufacturers.

3. One pound light.

4. When new honey comes in first.

5. None whatever these close times. Nothing can be sold at a high price.

6. Our receipts so far have been at least twice as large this year as they were last year at this time.

CHAS. F. MUTH & SON.

THE ACCEPTED RULES OF GRADING CRITICISED;
A MODIFICATION PROPOSED.

Friend Root:—My aversion grows against the “Rules of Grading” the longer I am writing market reports. Almost every quotation made according to the rules, since their existence, was erroneous, because not a dealer had the quality he was quoting on. Such is the case in nine cases out of ten. I call on practical honey-producers and dealers familiar with the business to say whether I am right or wrong. In all my dealings, one carload only of comb honey, from Colorado, came into my possession which came near the standard described under “Fancy White.” A perfect lot of comb honey is a rarity, and all we do have should be called by its proper name as nearly as possible.

All comb honey should be white. The more its color varies from white, the lower its grade and the more unsatisfactory its sale. We don’t improve the quality any by calling it “Fancy Amber;” and what “fancy” is there on dark comb honey?

Whoever puts on the market unsightly honey, be it white, amber, or dark, does not understand his business. He gets into trouble with his consignee; and if doesn’t, then his consignee loses money. We are not yet done taking unsightly combs from the cases of last year’s shipments and—throwing them into the rendering-buckets.

I would suggest the following rules for grading:

Fancy white comb honey, as per present rules. No. 1 white, as per present rules.

No. 2. Let this grade embrace those qualities next to No. 1, and the best amber.

No. 3, embracing next to the best amber and the best dark.

No. 4, dark honey.

I believe that “Fancy white,” No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, and No. 4, will signify best our different qualities of comb honey. “White,” “amber,” and “dark” answer the purpose for extracted honey.

CHAS. F. MUTH.

Cincinnati, O., Aug. 19.

[I am ready to concede that there is some truth in what you say, especially as you are an old, old honey buyer. If I understand you, “Fancy white,” as it now stands in the accepted grading, is all right, but that commission men, in your opinion, are using it on grades that are no better than No. 1. If any of them are, let’s call ‘em down. If they can’t grade correctly we will grade ‘em—out of our Honey Column.

It sounds a little queer to talk about “fancy

dark” or “fancy amber,” I must confess. I should like to hear from other commission men. So far as GLEANINGS is concerned, it can easily adapt its rules to fit the requirements of commission men and honey-men and producers. All we need is to know what those requirements are.—ED.]

FIGURING ON THE COST OF PRODUCING HONEY.

DIFFERENT CONDITIONS IN CALIFORNIA; REPLY TO ADRIAN GETAZ.

By C. H. Clayton.

□ I desire to say that Mr. Getaz is totally in the dark as to our conditions here in California in his article in GLEANINGS of Aug. 1. My article was written to convey an idea of the actual cost of producing honey. If I were as active as Mr. Getaz, and “worked for nothing and boarded myself,” I might modify my figures. I doubt whether Mr. G. could take care of half of 285 colonies here in California, much less “three or four times that number.” ■ ■ ■

□ In 1893 I had but 95 colonies. I extracted once a week for ten weeks in succession; and by the time I cased up my honey and attended to other necessary work around the apiary I had but little time for any thing else. Last year I had 177 colonies; but the flow was not so rapid as in ‘93, so I extracted once every fifteen days, and managed to do it all alone. □ I am 45 years old this month; stand 6 ft. in my socks; have the unrestricted use of all my members, including the unruly one; but I don’t want any more than I had last year to handle alone. Why, Getaz couldn’t *uncap* the half of his three or four times 285 colonies, to say nothing about removing the combs from the hive, extracting, returning combs to hives, and casing up the honey.

As to the items which he says do not have to be paid in cash, they should be counted the same as any cash item to determine your selling price. I am not keeping bees for fun. I am “out for the stuff.” If I invest a thousand dollars in bees, and give them a year’s care—including in the year three or four months’ hard labor—pay taxes on them, assume losses from disease, etc., I must have something more than bare wages and interest on the original investment.

WHAT CAN YOU FURNISH DRAWN COMBS FOR?

I know of no one who is engaged in the production of drawn combs for the market. I think if I were to engage in that line I would have to figure the interest on cost of plant, and add these to cost of frame, wire, foundation, honey consumed (which otherwise you would have), and labor of making frames, putting in foundation, etc. Now, I want you to make a figure on this and let us all know what you can furnish them for. I’ll buy mine ready drawn if

there is a profit in it, and keep my bees at work storing honey.

Mr. Getaz' advice about the "home market" is a hollow mockery so far as we are concerned. It is all right for the man who has three colonies, "spring count," increased to five, "besides securing 36 pounds of nice comb honey." Suppose you live in a region where one out of every three heads of families, to say nothing of cases like Rambler, who is both head and tail, is producing honey for the market. There are about 300 voters in the township in which I live. Of this number 81 are bee-keepers, with apiaries of from 25 colonies for the beginner to seven or eight hundred for the veteran, the average being about 90 colonies.

The half-dozen counties in the Southern California honey-belt shipped by rail in 1895 2875 tons, as per reports of the freight auditors of the two overland roads. I have no means of knowing exactly how much was shipped by water during the same period. The quantity must have been large, though, for much of the San Diego, Ventura, and Santa Barbara honey was sent away by water. Now, this whole region, perhaps larger than the State of Tennessee, has less than half a million population. So you see we can make no account of the home market.

I do not think it is fair that the grocer should pay all his "license, clerk's salary, store rent, delivery-wagon, book-keeping, collecting, etc.," from the profits of my honey, unless he deals exclusively in honey. He doesn't double the prices of his sugar, his salt, his spices, his tinned goods, his flour, potatoes, etc.; then why should he not pay the honey-producer a price nearer the selling price of the honey?

□ Lang, Cal., Aug. 8.:

[We have never had much if any call for drawn combs—probably for the reason that we have discouraged the buying of them on account of the danger of infection from foul brood. As we have had that disease in our own yard, we have several times refused to supply combs because they are a very common medium for the transmission of the disease. We have refused even when there was and had been no traces of the disease; but as there was danger that microbes *might* be in the combs, and break out any time, we did not care to lay ourselves liable for damages.

I firmly believe combs from foundation could be produced at the prices they have been offered and sold for in years gone by—25 and 30 cts. apiece, and that, too, on wires in first-class frames. My plan would be to put them in the hives at the beginning of the honey-flow, alternated with combs already drawn out. As soon as they are filled with honey, extract them and let the bees clean them up.

The price you allowed in the original estimate was 75 cts. per comb "for purposes of income." But this, I am sure, was altogether too large; for we can never figure the cost of anything at more than what it can be replaced for. A colony of bees might cost, say, \$5.00; but for purposes of income it might be worth some seasons three times that; but its intrinsic value

could be no more than the market price, whatever that might be.—ED.]

MOUNTAIN LAUREL.

HOW IT PROVED TO BE POISONOUS IN TWO INSTANCES.

By C. C. Lindley.

Mr. Root:—Noticing your and Dr. Miller's note in July 15th *GLEANINGS* concerning the poison-honey question, I will tell you briefly what I have learned about it. Last year we had considerable complaint about bitter honey, and in a few cases people became very sick from eating honey—all of which was very recently taken out of the old-style hives—gum logs and boxes. There was but one complaint from honey made in sections, and that was only somewhat bitter, and had been off the hive some time. Among others I know of two reliable persons who gave me the particulars of their experience with honey that made both sick—one very much so, so that he was "laid up" about two days, and had to have medical aid in the beginning of his sickness, which resulted soon after eating some tolerably fresh honey at breakfast. He said the honey had a taste a little peculiar, and somewhat in keeping with the odor of the laurel bloom. The symptoms are about all described alike—the first trouble appearing being somewhat sick, and then dizziness; the eyesight (in such cases as this one) was also affected, and stinging, pricking pains in the muscles and various portions of the body. Vomiting soon occurs, which affords some relief; but the victim may feel the bad effects for some days afterward. Another case, that of a blind minister. He said his experience was about the same as the first named, except he did not get so sick; but the dizzy feeling of the head and pains were about the same. He says, like the first one, that the honey was evidently in part from the mountain laurel, the so-called rhododendron, of which there is an abundance in the mountain ridges and ravines. I have seen bees sucking the flowers in dry weather in the latter part of July, when there was little if any other pasture for them. I have kept bees some ten years, but have so far got no "poison honey."

Old Fork, N. C., July 25.

[This is quite in accord with the reports we received years ago. While the honey may not be poisonous under some circumstances, and to some persons, it certainly is poisonous under *other* circumstances and to *other* persons. It is well known that some people have greater power to resist effects of certain drugs than others. It is possible that Prof. Cook can eat some of the poisonous honeys without any bad effects. It was decided years ago, in our columns at least, that the riper these honeys the less the effect upon the human system. These cases mentioned in this letter, wherein there was loss of vision, a pricking sensation, and vomiting, show the effect of poison and not of ordinary bad or unripe honey.—ED.]

NOTES ON SWARMING.

SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES.

By G. C. Greiner.

The swarming season, with its various trials and tribulations, has again passed by. Among the mishaps was a tumble which I took when trying to hive a swarm some fourteen or sixteen feet from the ground. The ladder slipped in such a way that I was thrown right among the cluster, but was fortunate enough to stick to the ladder as the bees stuck to me. A few dozen stings were all the inconvenience I suffered in the affair.

Not so fortunate was a friend who lives a few miles from here. In trying to hive a swarm nearly on top of an eighteen-foot ladder, he had the hiving-box in one hand, and, reaching with the other to shake off the swarm, the ladder turned over, precipitating him head first through the tree on to the ground.

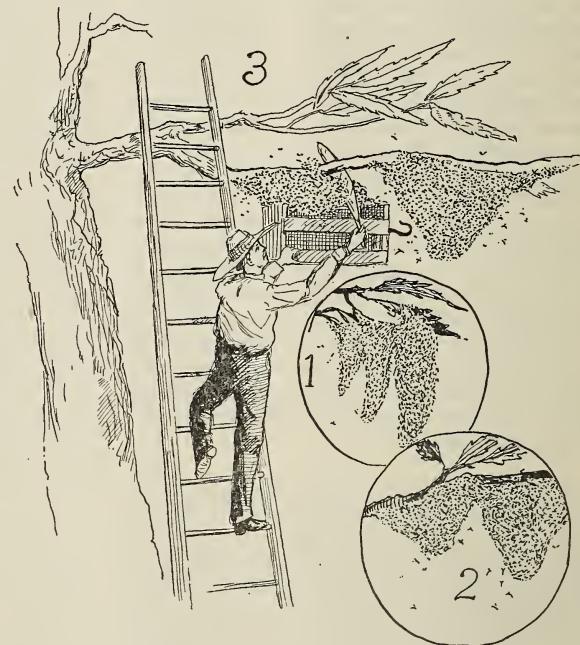
A badly sprained shoulder and nearly broken wrist was the result, which disabled him from doing any work for some days, and he is still suffering from the effects of that fall.

The past swarming season has brought some peculiar features to our notice. Bees have swarmed quite freely—uncommonly so—this year. Every thing from strong to medium has sent out a second swarm. Even some weaker ones, from which we could hardly expect any swarms, have followed suit. Many of them (I believe I am safe to say that more than one-half of the 45 or 50 swarms which I hived) swarmed with superseding queens—not only one or two to each swarm, but anywhere from two to five or six; and in many instances the old fertile queen would be with them too. In two cases I have seen a laying queen enter the hive and then picked (two out of one and four out of the other) virgin queens from the hive-entering swarms. I had occasion to look for a comb of brood with a capped queen-cell. On opening a hive from which a first swarm had just issued, I found a dozen or more cells in the different stages of hatching. Some queens had already emerged; others about ready to raise the little cover, and others just beginning to gnaw the cappings. Undoubtedly this young swarm had, like many others, a good supply of virgin queens.

Many of the young first swarms did not behave in the usual way.

It is a very simple and easy matter to hive a normal swarm. After issuing, and having a short playspell in the air, they will soon find a

place to alight, form a solid, quiet cluster in a few minutes more, and, when hived, enter the hive, seemingly thankful that a home has been provided for them, and all is well. How different this year! They remained on the wing for a long time; would try to alight in one place; take wing again, and try another; and when they finally did cluster it was not with the quietude and contentment which we are accustomed to see with normal swarms. Besides, they would cluster in irregular shapes, something like our illustrations, Nos. 1. and 2. When hived, in being shaken in front of the hive many would again take wing, fly back to the place where they had clustered, or around the hive in a suspicious way, showing plainly that every thing was not to their satisfaction. When at last they had entered the hive, which generally required a great amount of coaxing and driving, they would stay only a few minutes.



G. C. GREINER'S METHOD OF HIVING SWARMS.

utes, then run out on the alighting-board, or up and down the front of the hive, one after another; take wing until the whole swarm would be in the air again, to have the same operation performed a second time.

We generally suppose that, when swarms act in this way, their queens have failed to enter the hive, and are somewhere among the bees on the outside. This is not always the cause of their contrariness. I have repeatedly seen queens enter the hive with the bees, and felt somewhat relieved on account of it, when, soon after, I had to be disappointed as described.

If one swarm alone causes us trouble of this

kind we can get along very well, although it is not pleasant to be obliged to do the same work over and over again; but when one or more swarms issue at the same time we are at work with the first, the matter becomes somewhat complicated. I had a swarm out about 8 o'clock A. M., which acted very much in this stubborn way; and when it left the hive after having been hived the second time, two others came out and united with the first one in the air. It took them a long time to cluster, first here and then there; but at last they managed to string along on a limb five or six feet long. I had to hive them in two sections by brushing the bees aside and cutting the limb through the middle. This worked very well, and I began to flatter myself concerning my success, when, to my annoyance, they again showed signs of restlessness and dissatisfaction. Just then another swarm came out; and before this was fairly in the air a fifth one started. Of course, the one just hived, already a triple swarm, could not resist the temptation to join the others in their frolic. This made five strong swarms in the air at the same time. I have been among bees for twenty years, but never experienced such a display of flying bees before. Their roaring was almost deafening, and the air seemed to vibrate from the action of the many thousand wings. They remained in the air for nearly two hours. Sometimes they would try to alight in three or four places at a time, then disband again and have another fly, until late in the afternoon, when they clustered like Fig. 2; and the way I hived them, making two swarms of the five, is shown in Fig. 3. The smaller part of the cluster was hived first by holding the hiving-box under the same, and, with a large turkey feather, cut or detached them from their support. The box was then hung right to the place which the swarm had occupied only a few seconds before; and in a short time all the bees that had dropped in the operation, and were flying, had quietly settled in and on the outside of the box. The hiving was then an easy job, being late in the day; and the bees, undoubtedly tired of their jubilee, took to the offered hive quite readily, and remained. The other part, which had hardly noticed the separation, was treated in nearly the same way and with the same result.

If the production of honey, and not increase of colonies, is our aim, it does not pay to hive strong or even very strong swarms separate. Nothing but extra strong, or, better, enormously strong, such as we get by hiving two or more together, are profitable. If the five above-mentioned swarms had occupied five hives, the chance to receive section honey would have been greatly reduced. I have a number of single swarms which I considered, at the time of hiving, sufficiently strong to work in supers, that have not made any surplus at all, while

others have made a little. From the smaller part of the united five I have taken 48 one-pound sections, and from the larger 72, all perfect, finished sections of first-class basswood honey, most of them overweight on account of their being so completely filled. Besides, they have now on their hives a considerable amount of unfinished and drawn-out sections—just the thing for the buckwheat flow, which we expect soon. All this work has been accomplished inside of two weeks, the result of hives full of bees.

When swarms unite in the air, or when clustering, they do not always show an entirely friendly disposition toward each other while and after being hived. I have noticed in a number of cases little piles of dead and dying bees in front of the hive, soon after hiving. There were not as many of them as we might expect if one swarm had annihilated the other, but a sufficient quantity to show that it took quite a little fighting to get acquainted.

Balled virgin queens in front of the hives, where united swarms had been hived, were also very frequent occurrences. In walking along in front of these swarms I have seen at two hives out of five these little balls, and as many as three at one stand.

The basswood-honey flow was all we could wish for. The dry spell when the buds first opened reduced the period of honey secretion a number of days, may be a week; but the bees made up the shortage after they began work. □

Naples, N. Y., July 25.

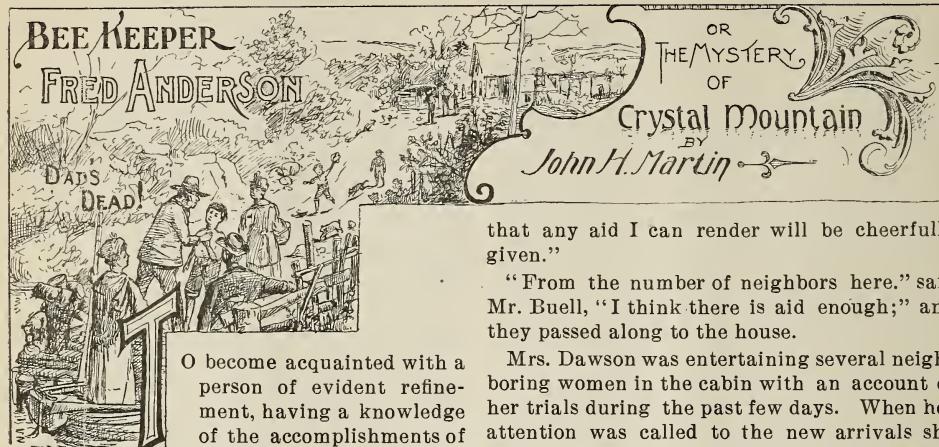
[I want to emphasize especially your point, to the effect that there is an advantage in having one or more swarms together for the production of honey. I believe one of the follies of present bee-keeping is the fussing away with colonies that are too small. Our big colonies will store more than double as much honey as the combined yield of two colonies of half strength. And then, too, the big colony takes less manipulation, and is decidedly less inclined to swarm.—ED.]

THE BOARDMAN FEEDER, AND DROUGHT AND NO HONEY IN ARKANSAS.

The Boardman feeders ordered came promptly to hand, and on trial I find they work like a charm. There is but little trouble in feeding by his plan. But it gives me the blues somewhat to see in last GLEANINGS that Dr. Miller has taken as many as five supers from some of his colonies by the middle of July, when at this date (Aug. 4) I have not even so much as one sealed section from my apiary of 40 colonies. The same drought in the honey-flow is in all this section of country, so far as I can hear from. While Dr. Miller was taking off his fifth super I was feeding mine to keep them alive. Well, I shall not grumble. May be my time will come next year.

J. H. McCARGO.

Danville, Ark., Aug. 4.



O become acquainted with a person of evident refinement, having a knowledge of the accomplishments of the day, and to find that person a lunatic, gives a shock of pain; and when that person is a beautiful maiden, created but a little lower than an angel, we would tear away the fiendish mask that hides the soul divine, and cast it to its appropriate belongings with the swine.

With feelings akin to these, only intensified by relationship and love, Mr. and Mrs. Buell and Fred had but little relish for their noonday lunch. A few morsels sufficed for Fred, and he hastened to the wharf to prepare the boat for the two miles' journey to Dawson's.

Once upon the water, the genial sky, balmy air, and the easy motion of the boat, had their pleasing effect, while, to cheer and encourage, every little wavelet smiled upon them with sparkles of sunshine. But they could not partake of the joys that nature tried to impart, for they were on their way to a house of affliction, and their minds were kept upon somber thoughts by Alfaretta repeating at long intervals, like the dread tolling of a bell, "Dead—dead."

Fred bent to the oars, and sent the boat skimming rapidly down stream. Upon rounding the point above Dawson's, and when the cabin came into view, there was some stir of men visible around it; and when the boat drew up to the little wharf the Dawson urchins and dogs came tearing down the gentle slope, and it seemed that a chorus of shrill voices shouted, "Dad's dead! dad's dead!"

"Dead, dead," echoed Alfaretta.

The news the urchins were so ready to impart, though not unexpected, had a depressing effect upon Fred. Mr. Buell stepped upon the wharf, and, giving his hand to Mrs. Buell, aided her to land. His invitation to Fred, to accompany them, was unheeded for a moment; but, soon recovering himself, he apologized, and said, "No, I will stay with the boat and Alfaretta until you return; but you know, Mr. Buell,

that any aid I can render will be cheerfully given."

"From the number of neighbors here," said Mr. Buell, "I think there is aid enough;" and they passed along to the house.

Mrs. Dawson was entertaining several neighboring women in the cabin with an account of her trials during the past few days. When her attention was called to the new arrivals she met them with a quick nervous stride, and exclaimed boisterously, "Wall, I declar'! ef you stuck-up folks aint come here tu! didn't know's yany of our neighbors cared fur us, either dead or alive; but seein' as tu how dad had tu up an die, all the neighbors seem to be mighty interested."

"Certainly, Mrs. Dawson," said Mr. Buell, in a conciliatory tone; "when a neighbor is sick, or dies, we know the family is in deep trouble; and all of your neighbors wish to give you aid and consolation—that is why we are here."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Dawson, in a mimicking tone, and with a little bob of courtesy; "but ef yeed a come her yesterday, when the old man war a rarin about McBurger's ghost, it would a ben more consolin'. As fur as the trouble is concerned, he's dead, an' the trouble is ended—leastwise as fur as this speer is concerned."

"It must be a great solace at such a time as this to be so reconciled to your loss," said Mrs. Buell.

"Loss—loss!" replied Mrs. Dawson. "Wall, now, d'y' suppose I've had ter knuckle under his fist, and be knocked around this yer cabin, an' half fed fur the last ten years, fur fun? Yes, he war a bad man, an' has fled from justice mor'n onst, an' I would a fled from him but fur the kids' sake. No, my purty mom, it aint loss fur us—it's liberty;" and a tear actually shone in the eye of the woman as she realized her freedom.

There was doubtless love in her heart at one time, but now it was dead.

Mr. and Mrs. Buell could hardly give consolation under such circumstances. Any reference to the Deity or religion was met with scoffing. Mr. Buell knew, however, from the teardrop, and her fidelity to her children, that there was under this uncouth exterior a chord that could be attuned to a better life; and, though he had been rudely received to-day, he resolved at the first opportunity to put into

operation his plan of rescue; and, unbeknown to him, that opportunity was then and there shaping itself. The neighbors were arranging for the burial; and as there was no minister of the gospel within twenty miles, some were in favor of dispensing with burial services altogether; but the majority, with true American spirit, wished to see things done decently and in accordance with civilized usages. Therefore Mr. Buell was asked to come on the morrow and conduct the services. This he consented to do, and, after spending an hour about the cabin, Mr. and Mrs. Buell returned to the boat. Mrs. Dawson followed to the wharf, and, upon seeing Fred, she exclaimed, in evident surprise, "Wall, I declar' agin' ef hyar aint that goslin young feller, tu! never spected tu see you agin —spected you'd be in the bottom of the river with McBurger. Yer a favorite of Providence, sartin! Mebby that's yer pooty gardeen angel thar. Stick tu her, young feller, fur gardeen angels don't cum a floutin' around everywhere."

Fred blushed, and was about to make a reply when Alfaretta arose, and, pointing her walking-stick wand toward the house, said in that weird tone she alone could use —"Dead."

"Of course, he's dead," said Mrs. Dawson.

"Repent!" said Alfaretta.

"Wall, now, gardeen angel, ye'r struck another tune, an'—"

"Repent!" again said the voice.

"Wall, now, see hyar—"

"Repent!" came again from Alfaretta.

"Now, by the—"

"Repent!" echoed again, as if from above.

Mrs. Dawson, as though in anger, turned abruptly from the wharf; and as she hastened toward her cabin she heard the words, "Doom, doom," from the still erect Alfaretta.

Mrs. Dawson, though a rude woman, knew the meaning and the need of repentance; but Mr. Buell, or a minister of the gospel, never would have impressed the fact upon her in conversation as strongly as the repeating by Alfaretta, in that place, at that moment, and in that way, the simple word "repent;" and, though she stormed about crazy folks being allowed to mingle with "decent" people, "repent" and "doom" were to haunt her soul for days.

Our friends were now free to depart without the formalities of a good-by. For some time Mr. Buell and Fred rowed up the river in silence. Though the current was not strong, the labor with four in the boat was considerable; and when about half their journey had been covered they pulled into a little cove under some cottonwood-trees, for a rest.

"How strongly impressed upon my mind," said Mr. Buell, as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, "is the fact that every man is to a great degree the architect of his own destiny! Here this man Dawson came to maturity with a knowledge of good and evil; and I claim that it makes no difference how degraded a person may be, in this civilized age he has every-day promptings, and even cordial invitations, which, if listened to and followed, would make him as one of the children of light. Faith, hope, and charity, inscribed in any person's heart, lead to a growth that 'height nor depth nor any other creature' can stay. Why!" said Mr. Buell, with enthusiasm, "it seems to me that a truly benevolent soul is a world in magnitude. But, behold the Dawsoms—lust, greed, brutality, nothing but groveling swine, where there might have been angels."

"My chief impression," said Mrs. Buell, "is



*yes,—loss!—taint loss fur us
tis liberty!*

that it would take an immense amount of preaching and example to change the current for the better in the life of Mrs. Dawson. She has evidently led a wretched life, and all of the sweetness of character, if she ever had any, has been driven out. The question is, Can such a woman be reformed?"

"While it would be hard to reach the better life of Mrs. Dawson directly," said Fred, "it might possibly be reached through her chil-

dren; for from her remarks she has some love for them."

"That is just to the purpose," said Mr. Buell. "I shall consider the matter carefully to-morrow at the funeral; and if I feel warranted in doing so I will call a neighborhood meeting for next Sunday; and should I do so, Fred, I shall need your aid."

□ "Good! good!" exclaimed Fred, with enthusiasm. "I shall make a supreme effort to be with you. I would go with you to-morrow; but I have so much work that must be done immediately with the bees that I can not spare a minute during working hours."

Mrs. Buell here reminded the oarsmen that it was nearing sunset, and that they had better be moving toward home. Mr. Buell and Fred accordingly plied the oars, while Alfaretta, for-

The hives that had lain so long in the hot sun at the Mcburger ranch needed much renailing; "and now," said Fred aloud, "the crying need is a good stout work-bench."

"I should say the crying need is for your bees to have more respect for visitors, and fly the other way off," said Mr. Ghering, as he edged his way timidly along the cottonwoods.

"Oh! the bees are not flying around much this forenoon; and they are very quiet," explained Fred. "Just wait until I get them all up here—what a glorious sight you will see! By the way, Mr. Ghering, there are two small straight cottonwoods in that cluster over there. I should like to make them into a work-bench. You furnish the material, and I will do the work, and we will own it in partnership."

"That it is right, Fred; shust suit yourself about it; but I don't believe I shall work the bench much out here; those bees don't like me von little bit."

Now, Fred Anderson was not a nervous young man, as we have already seen; but he had the usual amount of mischief in his make-up, and he induced Mr. Ghering further and further from the sheltering cottonwoods. The bees that Fred had moved from the deserted ranch were but a few feet away; and in his movements near them Fred accidentally (?) dropped his mattock upon one of them.

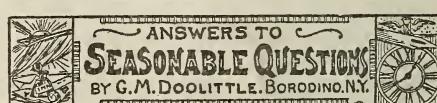
Mr. Ghering was wearing a soft black-felt hat, well pulled down over his head; but there was a small hole in the apex of the crown. One bee seemed to think that the hole had something to do with the disturbance of the hive, and was venting its wrath upon it. A dozen

more, attracted by the aroma of its sting, settled upon the same hole—entered, and commenced operations upon Mr. Ghering's scalp.

getting the somber words she had been repeating, now gave voice in a more joyful tone to her favorite song,

"My lover is on the sea."

At the Buell wharf Fred bade his friends good-night and continued his journey up the river to the Ghering ranch. At break of day on Monday morning Fred was out upon the chalk bluff making calculations as to what should be done and how to do it. The bee-keeper often finds enough work before him for two or three men to do, and only himself to do it. Fred found himself in that situation; but, not halting between the confusion of various things and doing nothing, he set himself to the work nearest in hand, and, taking the mattock, he proceeded to enlarge the niche or path along the face of the bluff. He worked with energy at this, and in a few hours made it of sufficient width to enable him to carry to and fro the hives and implements needed in transferring.



PURITY VS. GOOD WORKERS.

Question.—I understand that you are selling queens and bees. Do you guarantee your stock to be pure? or is not purity of stock the greatest essential in bees?

Answer.—Much has been said in the years that are past about a standard of purity for our bees; and some of us have often been led to ask ourselves the question, "Can we adopt a standard of purity that will always secure to us the best working qualities in our bees?" We can

see that it would be easy for those who follow nothing but queen-breeding as a business to adopt a standard of purity, or secure something which would be called "thoroughbred" at least; but for the rank and file of honey-producers to adopt the same standard would be quite another thing. The workers from different queens of the same color and general appearance show a vast difference as to working qualities—at least, such is my experience. In the spring of 1877, while changing a colony from one hive to another I noticed a fine-looking orange-colored queen, with the workers all well marked. A neighbor, who kept several colonies of bees, was present, and remarked that he would prefer a darker-colored queen for business, and I agreed with his decision. No further notice was taken of the colony than of others till about June 25th, when the bees were nearly through swarming. This one had not swarmed, but had 60 lbs. of section honey nearly ready to come off. July 3d they gave a fine swarm which was hived. Although the parent colony had none of its queen-cells cut, it never offered to swarm again; and the result, at the end of the season, was 195 lbs. of section honey from the parent, and 114 lbs. from the swarm, or 309 lbs. from the old colony in the spring. The queen reared in the old hive was very much like her mother, and both colonies wintered with the loss of but very few bees, and consumed comparatively little honey, according to many others. The next season they showed the same disposition not to swarm till late; and from the colony with the old queen I obtained 151 lbs. of section honey, while there were but few other colonies that gave over 100 lbs. I then reared nearly all of my queens from this old one, as long as she lived, and found the majority of them very prolific layers, and their workers great honey-gatherers. After she died I began getting queens from other parties who reported good honey-yields through our bee-papers, to cross with mine, as in-and-in breeding is generally considered injurious to bees. Many of these queens did not prove to be equal to my own, and were soon superseded. Some proved to be good, and were used in connection with the above strain, which I have kept largely in the majority ever since. By this mode of crossing I have bred up a strain of bees which pleases me; and after years of trial I believe them to be second to none as honey-gatherers, although for their purity I can give no guarantee, neither do I think it necessary to guarantee any positive purity of any stock, except that it be good in every spot and place where you wish goodness. I am still striving to advance further along the honey-gathering line, so each year finds me securing queens from the most approved sources, although it is seldom I find one I care to use as a breeder; but as this "seldom one" is of great value, I consider myself well paid for all my

trouble. There is nothing in all the realm of bee-keeping that gives me more pleasure than does this work of improvement of stock for its honey-gathering qualities; and as we have several of our most prominent apiarists at work along this line, if perfection can be attained with bees I doubt not that America will stand at the head one of these days. But I doubt about that standing "at the head" being for *purity of stock*.

UNITING BEES.

Question.—Will you please tell us in GLEANINGS how to unite two or more weak colonies so that they may be strong enough for winter? I have some small colonies which I wish to put together this fall; and as I am only a beginner in bee-keeping, any advice would be acceptable.

Answer.—The uniting of two or more weak colonies of bees for winter is the proper thing to do; for two weak colonies, kept separate, will consume nearly twice the stores that both together would united, and very likely perish before spring; while, if put together, they would winter as well as any large colony. The way to proceed is as follows: If one of the queens is known to be feeble or inferior, hunt her out and kill her, so that the best queen may survive; otherwise pay no attention to the queens, for one of them will soon be killed after uniting. Having the queen-matter disposed of, go to the colonies you wish to unite, and blow smoke quite freely in at the entrance, pounding on the top of the hive at the same time with the doubled-up fist. When both have been treated in this way, wait a moment or two for the bees to fill themselves with honey, when one is to be carried to where the other stands, and both opened. Now select out the combs from both hives which contain the most honey and come the nearest to filling the frames, setting them in one hive. In thus setting in, it is always best to alternate the frames, whereby the bees are so mixed up that they have no desire to fight, for each bee touched by another is a stranger. After the hive is filled, arrange the quilt or honey-board and put on the cover. Next put a wide board or sheet in front of the hive, leading up to the entrance, and proceed to shake the bees off the remaining frames, taking first a frame from one hive and then one from the other, thus mixing the bees as before. After all are in, set a board up against the front of the hive, sloping over the entrance, so that the next time the bees fly they will be compelled to fly against it or crawl out around it, thus causing them to mark their location anew, so they will not be as liable to return to their old place. The mixing of them and causing them to fill with honey has a tendency to cause the bees to look after their location; but the board helps also in this direction. Also remove all relics of the old hive, so there will be no homelike look about their old location to entice them back.

Put the remaining combs away in some safe place for the next season's use, and the work is done. If this uniting is done near sunset, and the bees are caused to fill themselves thoroughly with honey, very few will fly away in the uniting process.



A HIVE ON SCALES; A BIG RECORD—300 LBS. NET GAIN IN 26 DAYS, 29 POUNDS GAIN IN ONE DAY.

Inclosed I send you a record of a colony of bees that I had on scales during basswood bloom, from June 20, in evening, to July 16, in evening. The record shows the weight every morning and evening, also the gain during day and loss during night. This colony is all the product of one queen, and I took two frames of hatching brood from it about June 1, to help other weak swarms. Can any of you beat it?

RECORD OF COLONY OF BEES FROM JUNE 20, IN EVENING, TO JULY 16, IN EVENING.

Date.	Morning.	Extracted	Evening.	Gain during day	Loss during night
	Morning.	Extracted	Evening.	Gain during day	Loss during night
June 20.....			84		1
21.....	83	89 $\frac{1}{4}$	6 $\frac{1}{4}$	1	
22.....	88 $\frac{1}{4}$	96 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
23.....	95	102	7	$\frac{3}{4}$	
24.....	101 $\frac{1}{4}$	105 $\frac{1}{4}$	4 $\frac{1}{4}$	1	
	Put on 2d top story, 15 lbs.				
25.....	120	126	6	$\frac{3}{4}$	
26.....	125 $\frac{1}{4}$	130 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 $\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	
27.....	129 $\frac{1}{4}$	138	8 $\frac{1}{4}$	1	
28.....	137	145 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
29.....	144	156 $\frac{1}{4}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
30.....	154 $\frac{1}{4}$	19 $\frac{1}{4}$	153 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
July 1.....	151 $\frac{1}{4}$	7 $\frac{1}{4}$	161 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	2
2.....	159 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	161 $\frac{1}{4}$	22	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
3.....	159 $\frac{1}{4}$	177	17 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	
4.....	174 $\frac{1}{2}$	189 $\frac{1}{4}$	15 $\frac{1}{4}$	2	
5.....	186 $\frac{1}{4}$	40	162	15 $\frac{1}{4}$	2
6.....	160	177 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	
7.....	175 $\frac{1}{2}$	192	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	
8.....	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	57	146	13 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 $\frac{3}{4}$
9.....	143 $\frac{1}{4}$	164	20 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	
10.....	161 $\frac{1}{2}$	188	26 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	
11.....	185 $\frac{1}{2}$	35 $\frac{1}{2}$	179	29	2 $\frac{1}{4}$
12.....	176 $\frac{1}{4}$	191 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 $\frac{1}{4}$	2	
13.....	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	50 $\frac{1}{2}$	153 $\frac{1}{4}$	14 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
14.....	152	164	12	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	
15.....	162 $\frac{1}{4}$	169 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	
16.....	168 $\frac{1}{4}$	170	1 $\frac{1}{4}$		

G. W. WILSON.

Kickapoo, Wis., Aug. 5.

[This is a splendid record, and perhaps breaks all others; but if my memory serves me correctly, A. E. Manum, of Bristol, Vt., had a colony on scales that showed as one day's gain something over 30 lbs. The sum total, however, I think, was not quite equal to yours. I have tried to find this record in old back numbers; but after quite a search I fail to find it.—ED.]

BANANA OIL.

I noticed the article in last issue in regard to banana oil, and it called to mind that some time since I boarded at a place where the lady

of the house often used banana extract to flavor puddings, and it always smelled so much like bee-poison that I always spoke of it as "beesting" flavoring.

D. R. KEYES.

Wewahitchka, Fla., Aug. 8.

[No doubt why the bees stung so in the case referred to was because the odor of the oil was so near like bee-sting poison. This odor always excites bees.—ED.]

BEES SWARMING IN AUGUST; HIVING ON STARTERS A FAILURE.

I am having something this year that I never had before in my experience in bee-keeping; that is, swarming in August. I have had bees store a heavy crop of honey after Aug. 1st, but in no case did they ever offer to swarm. This made the work of handling a late crop much pleasanter. Swarms issue now every day, with very little honey coming in; but I notice that it is only those colonies having old clipped queens that come out. My method of dealing with them is to kill the queens and let the swarm go back. They come out before any queen-cells are sealed, and I think that, by the time the young queens hatch, a change in the weather (it is now extremely hot) may prevent them from swarming, and I shall have younger and better queens in those hives. Our honey-crop thus far has been light, but it has been an excellent season for building up and getting bees in shape for another season. At one of my yards there has been an abundance of sweet clover in bloom all summer; but as yet I have noticed no surplus from it. I think it is like any other clover, in that it may sometimes furnish bloom without much nectar.

This spring I tried the experiment of hiving a few swarms on narrow starters in contracted brood-chambers. This was done just before basswood opened. In every case it cost me about one super of honey, and the bees built some drone comb besides. I have the best success in hiving on empty combs, or part empty combs and part full sheets of foundation.

Brownstown, Wis., Aug. 12. H. LATHROP.

PHELPS' HONEY-PACKAGE CRITICISED; HOW TO DO UP COMB HONEY SECURELY IN PAPER.

I can not agree with you that Mr. Phelps' "comb-honey packet is one of the best that has been devised." Such a package is too flimsy. I tell you, it does not require so much time to do up a package neatly, and just as securely, in paper. I buy the wrapping-paper used by hardware dealers. It is tough, elastic, and will not let honey go through, even if a package should be broken. In wrapping two or three sections, tear the paper so the folding will come on the ends of the sections. If more than three sections are put in one package, I take a clean separator and set the sections on it, and mark it with my pocket-knife along the edge of the last section, and break off the end. I know by practice about how much paper to tear from

the roll for any given package. The package must be folded at the sides of the sections, but I have never had complaints of its breaking the honey. Be sure to use good strong twine, and tie tightly. I tie by making a loop in one end and carrying the twine around the package, and passing the other end through the loop. By this method you can draw the twine tight.

J. Q. A. MULFORD.

□ Lebanon, O., Aug. 13, 1896.

[While your plans of wrapping up sections are good, I still like the basket-splint method proposed by Mr. Phelps; and by it the average bee-keeper could, I think, make a stronger package.—ED.]

SWEET CLOVER.

Our crop of honey has been very good so far, mostly from sweet clover. Bees won't touch alfalfa till sweet clover has done blossoming. I find quite a change in the minds of some of my neighbors. They are beginning to think sweet clover is a pretty good thing after all. I have sold some seed to one, and two others are talking of sowing some. It will grow on our poorest land, and make a crop, and choke out all weeds we have in this country, including sand-burrs and cockle-burrs. If it were of no other use it would pay well as a fertilizer. But it is a splendid hay crop, and, in my opinion, there is nothing better for honey. I have about ten acres seeded down for next year. I put several acres in the corn at the last cultivating, and have a nice stand. You see, by putting it in the corn we have the crop the next season. If sown in the fall it will come up early the next spring, and make a good growth that season, but not seed. I always sow the seed with the hull on.

JOSEPH SHAW.

Strong City, Kan., Aug. 12.

SWEET CLOVER IN NEBRASKA; ITS HAY EQUAL TO THAT OF ALFALFA.

□ Sweet clover is one of the grandest plants in existence, and it flourishes here with almost tropical luxuriance. I have been familiar with the plant from childhood, but had seen none for years until we found it here. It is supposed to have gained a foothold here four years ago from some seed dropped around a camp of emigrants. We protected and fenced the spot, and helped it to spread. We give it no soil preparation nor cultivation, as it needs none. We scatter it along the roadsides and in grass lands—the rain does the rest. It does not trouble cultivated fields. It is a resister of drouth, and for hay is about equal to alfalfa. Aside from the above valuable features it possesses valuable medicinal properties, some of which I will give you at another time. As to the quality of the honey it yields, I am not prepared to speak so positively; but I imagine I shall have to learn to like it. I can tell better later.

Cleome and the Simpson honey-plant are native here, but not *Cleome pungens*. That is an

escape from cultivation near Mt. Carmel, Ill., and is not very widely distributed. Ours is *Cleome integrifolia*—just as good as and in some respects better than the former, from the fact that ours yields honey from very early in the morning till 11 and 12 o'clock; and unless it is very hot and dry, the bees work on it until quitting-time at night.

MRS. L. E. R. LAMBRIGGER.

SWEET CLOVER: ITS VALUE TO THE FARMER.

We clip the following from a recent issue of the *Country Gentleman*:

It first grew on our land (Scoharie, N. Y.) in spots, as the seed was washed on from the creek overflowing the land; then as it grew up, and the land was plowed for corn, it was plainly seen that the corn would be much better than where there was none growing. I considered it then advisable to gather some of the seed as it grew wild, and seed it upon part of a piece of rye in the spring, as you would with ordinary clover.

The result was, in the fall after the rye was off the ground there was a very rich growth of about two feet high, a solid mat of it that it was almost impossible for a man to walk through. In the spring it was left to grow about up to the horses' knees, and in due time for corn-planting, and then was turned under by having a sharp share on the plow to cut the roots well, and a chain attached to the plow to drag under completely the green growth. It was perfectly subdued, and the corn on that four acres of a 12-acre lot was much heavier, and a better, healthier color than on the remaining ground where red clover was seeded and there was, only about six inches growth to turn under.

I would advise all farmers, in preparing ground for a good corn crop, to seed their ground with this clover, either with winter grain or spring grain. It will yield much better corn crops, and will enrich their ground more and more each year. There is no danger of the seed lying in the ground and coming up another year, and it quickly dies after turning under. I think it is worth five times the quantity of common clover turned under. It also acts as a subsoiler, as the roots will root deep, and loosen the subsoil. I will gather a good quantity of the seed this year to use for another season. It is the cheapest manure that can be used, and is equal to many more loads of manure to the acre than any farmer puts on his land. The seed should be hulled and cleaned the same as other clover seed is prepared. For hay for cattle it is good cut early before it gets stalky, and two and three crops can be cut from it in that state, and then it dies off.

The following is clipped from the *Evening News*, Saginaw, Mich.:

Nicholas J. Van Patten, a bee-keeper, of Vassar Mich., got out of bed partly dressed on the morning of Aug. 8 to drive a calf out of the yard. The calf had knocked six hives of bees over. They completely covered Van Patten's body, and stung him terribly. Van Patten ran into the house, and the family scraped a quart of bees from his head. He is in a critical condition.

Dear friends, there is a moral to this little story. Bees and calves should each be placed so that they can not disturb each other. My impression is that the calf should have a good stout fence around it; and under circumstances like the above, one should be very careful about undertaking to mend matters without being well clothed. Very likely the whole mishap came about by a poor fence, a gate carelessly left open, or something of that sort.—ED.]

UNFINISHED SECTIONS NOT IN THE CENTER BUT IN THE OUTSIDE ROWS.

There seems to be but one opinion in regard to putting such sections back; and that is, to

place them in the center of the surplus arrangement. But I shall beg to take exceptions to this method. I use T supers in double-walled chaff hives. My method of using them is as follows: As soon as all the boxes are sealed except the outside ones, I remove all finished boxes, returning the ones on the outside row with sections having starters in the middle. The result is, that next time I remove boxes I find every box filled and capped at the same time. Now, I have tried both ways, and know that I get a full super of sealed honey as soon as I can one full, excepting the outside boxes with unfinished sections in the middle. The result is, that the bees commence working in all the boxes at the same time; and the next time I remove I find every box capped over at the same time. I have given both ways a thorough trial, so that I know whereof I speak. F. L. BRADLEY.

Charleston, Me., Aug. 3.

[There is no regular rule among bee-keepers as to where the unfinished sections shall be put. Much depends upon the season and the locality. If the bees need coaxing, and the colony is not strong, it is advisable to put them in the middle row. If the season starts out strong, and the colony is populous, then the outside rows should be used.—ED.]

MULTIPLE-EXIT BEE-ESCAPE NO ADVANTAGE OVER SINGLE.

When the Porters first introduced their escape I thought, like a great many others, that more escapes would be an improvement. I put four in one board, but the bees did not leave any quicker than with one. It seems to take the bees some time to find out that they are shut off from the brood-chamber; and until they discover the change they will not make any great effort to leave the super. I had the pleasure of sharing my room during the World's Fair convention with one of the Porters, together with the Larrabees, and we discussed the matter very thoroughly.

The idea is, not to give them plenty of room to get out, but to get them in such condition that they want to get out. They will reach this condition quicker if they are shut off from the brood-chamber entirely for a short time. A larger number of exits seem a detriment rather than a help, after they get started to leave. I am satisfied that all the bees in a super would leave in a few minutes through one escape if they wanted to get out.

I am devoting one hive entirely to experimenting on sugar feeding, and will let you know the result if I have time, although you may not want to publish what I find out.

Harvard, Ill.

THOS. ELLIOTT.

DIAMETER OF CYLINDER FOR EXTRACTOR.

I notice in "Guide Book" that the cylinder of the extractor referred to is 18 in. diameter; would it not work as well if the cages were in a square of 9 in. (to take a standard frame)?

This would require a cylinder of only 16 in. diameter, which reduces the size very greatly; the speed to be regulated by gearing at top.—S. SCARLETT, Stafford, July 17.

REPLY.—No, the extractor will not work so well if diameter of cylinder is less than 18 in., for the reasons given on page 77 of "Guide Book" (fourteenth edition). The farther you can get the face of the comb from the central spindle the more easily and efficiently is the honey extracted. If a drawing is made of the cages with a section of comb in position you will find the cells, with the exception of the central ones, at different angles to the radius of cylinder. When the angle becomes too great the honey on the outer edges of the comb, following line of rotation, is not extracted at all, and so much extra speed is required to extract even the other edge that the comb may be damaged. The nearer the walls of the cells are to being in a line with the radius, the more easily is the honey extracted.—ED.] — *British Bee Journal, July 23.*

WHITE HONEY IN THE MIDDLE OF AUGUST IN YORK STATE.

The bees are still gathering white honey, though buckwheat is in bloom. I shall need my honey-cans badly by the time they get here.

Kendaia, N Y., Aug. 12. C. J. BALDRIDGE.

No honey yet, but a good prospect for a crop from white aster. It is making a splendid growth, but won't bloom until Sept. 15. White clover is regaining what it lost the two last dry years.

M. L. WILLIAMS.

Maysville, Ky., Aug. 15.



T. P. L., Md.—If you have honey coming in from crimson clover and buckwheat both at the same time, we do not see how it is possible for you to avoid having a mixture in your surplus. As a general rule, one follows the other; and by taking off the sections or extracting-combs at the right time there will be no mixture.

T. G., Col.—From what you say, it is possible and even probable that the colony which you think has no queen, and which refuses to raise cells, has something that they call a queen—very likely a fertile worker. What you need to do is to get rid of the fertile worker first. A better way would be to scatter the bees and brood among your other colonies, and give up the idea of trying to make a colony direct.

J. N. P., Pa.—A house-apriary 9 x 12 would make you a nice building, well adapted to all

your requirements. Make it double-walled, oblong, four sides. The octagonal or round found is too expensive, and has no particular advantage. To make a house-apriary satisfactory, you should use therein regular outdoor hives. We send you an article written by F. A. Salisbury, and which appeared in these columns, p. 662, Sept. 1, 1895. Mr. Salisbury has a house-apriary, and it is the best we know of. We expect to put up a small building like it this fall at our out-yard.



THE BRITISH BEE-KEEPER'S GUIDE-BOOK.

THE 14th edition is out of this already popular bee-book, by Thos. Wm. Cowan, editor of the *British Bee Journal* and inventor of the Cowan extractor. Within 15 years 25,000 copies have been sold, and within a month 2000 copies of the new edition have been sold. So great has been the demand for it throughout all Europe that it is now published in French, German, Danish, Swedish, Spanish, and Russian. Of some of these, two or three editions have been published, and it is safe to say that no other bee-book is read in so many languages. The present edition has been thoroughly revised, enlarged, and a great portion entirely re-written. Old methods and implements have been stricken out, and new ones incorporated in their proper position. The special feature of this edition is the introduction of a large number of beautiful half-tone engravings representing various manipulations of the bees, and every thing is put so plainly that there is no chance for misunderstanding. I suppose the reason for the great popularity of this book is its small size and low price. It is condensed, and yet covers fully all essential details. The author, as nearly as I can discover, has made his book small, not by covering briefly every thing in bee-keeping, but by giving only the best plan or method in full, in his estimation, thus avoiding confusion to the beginner. The price of the book is the same as formerly; namely, 40c in paper, or 70c in cloth. It can be supplied from here.

BEES AND GRAPES; SHALL WE PLACE ALL OR A PART OF THE BLAME ON THE BEES?

YESTERDAY a neighbor stopped me and said he wished I could see how bees were working on his grapes. Half of his crop would be ruined by the bees, he thought. I mounted my bicycle, and in two or three minutes I found the vines where the bees were at work, and, sure enough, there was quite a few of them on and

around the grapes. There were anywhere from one to a dozen grapes in a bunch, whose skins were partly opened or split, and the pulp in some of them was literally sucked dry by the delicate little tongues of the bees. I did not see the bees puncture the grapes, but an incision was made in some way; and whether by bird or insect, the bees made a bad finish by enlarging the gap and sucking the pulp dry. As soon as one bee had gotten its fill, another would take its place, and lick the pulp dry as far as its tongue would reach, then would crowd the slit a little wider open. I observed dozens and dozens of them doing this thing; and the elongating of the slit seemed to come about unintentionally on the part of the bee, for no bee would have sense enough to know that widening the slit would give it access to new pulp; but in the effort to reach fresh pulp the slit would very gradually open.

The grapes are what are called the "New York," and were just beginning to ripen. The skin is very delicate and thin. They look very much like the Delawares, and taste like them, but are much larger. I should say that at least half of the crop would be ruined by the bees, and our bees at that. It only remains for us to make good his loss in some way. So far I can not learn that the bees are or have been at work on any other varieties in town. They hardly ever molest our hardy Concords; and so far this season we can not see that they have touched our Niagoras or Delawares. I am a little surprised that the bees should make an onslaught on the New York, particularly as there is a little honey coming in from buckwheat and white clover.

Later.—In speaking of this matter with A. I. R., he was very sure the bees did not puncture or make the original incision—that some bird or insect had preceded them, and the bees simply followed it up. Birds, he said, would make a round hole and a slit starting from it; but I saw no grapes having any thing of this kind on them. While I was wondering how this slit could have started in the first place, one of our boys from the apiary, Fred, apparently divining my thoughts, said:

"You don't think the bees punctured those grapes?"

"N—n'no," said I, hesitating.

"I think those slits or openings in the grapes you saw were due to the remarkably warm and wet season we have been having. The pulp, or inside of the grape, was growing too fast for the skin, or covering; and the consequence is, it simply burst, leaving only a small slit."

"How do you know?" said I.

"Why, isn't it reasonable?"

"Yes, the most reasonable of any thing I have thought of so far."

And then he added:

"I have seen the grapes burst more this year

than I ever did before; and I *know* it was because they grew too fast."

What the old man said to the boy actually happened to the grapes—"If you don't stop growing so fast you'll bust your skin."

This seems to me not only an easy but a practical explanation; and I do remember now that some of the slits on the sides of the grapes appear not to have been touched by any thing—just simply a mere burst. This remarkable growing year has made Nature do some things that she does not do ordinarily.

If this explanation is correct—and I believe it is—it removes at least part of the blame from the bees. If the grapes had not grown so fast, the bees would let them alone.

Perhaps some of our readers may think it bad policy to admit that bees may even work on grapes that have been punctured or opened by some cause. It is surely folly to try to maintain that they are always innocent; that they have never been known to go near grapes. While I do not believe the evidence, or facts, when carefully sifted, show that bees actually puncture grapes or any fruit, in fact, we must admit that they will work on damaged, decayed, or broken fruit.

B. TAYLOR—BEE-KEEPER, WRITER, AND INVENTOR.

LITTLE did I think, when we chronicled the death of Allen Pringle, in our last issue, that another bee-keeper and writer, equally prominent, would pass from among us. B. Taylor, of Forestville, Minn., after a long illness, passed peacefully away Sunday morning, Aug. 9th. He was one of the oldest bee-keepers in the ranks; and, although he worked and experimented with bees when those who are middle-aged were in their cradles, he worked quietly by himself.

The first that was known of him by the bee-keeping world was in 1890, at the Madison, Wisconsin, bee-keepers' convention, held in February of that year, where he told of his experience in handling and using divisible brood-chambers as early as 1865 (see GLEANINGS, page 168 for 1890). He subsequently wrote an article for GLEANINGS, telling of this hive (see page 324, 1890). Later he figured quite prominently at the North American convention at Keokuk, Ia. Shortly after, the editor of the *Review*, recognizing his real ability as a bee-beeper and writer, engaged him to write a series of articles for his journal. About this time, also, he began to write for several of the bee-papers, and B. Taylor sprang into prominence as one of the leaders of the country in apicultural progress. He was an inventor and an expert mechanic; and from him came several ingenious contrivances for managing and handling his pets, all or nearly all of which were of real worth. Among these I recall to mind par-

ticularly his comb-leveler—something the real value of which comb-honey producers are just beginning to learn. That it can be and has been the means of increasing the comb-honey crop, as Mr. Taylor first claimed for it, very few will deny.

Among his other other inventions were a swarm-catcher, several styles of brood-frames, and hives.

He had a beautiful home, an ideal location, and a finely equipped workshop. He was, therefore, in a position to put into execution whatever his fancy painted.

THE HONEY SEASON FOR THE UNITED STATES.

THE responses to the call in our last issue, for reports up to this time, have not been very heavy; but so far they go to show that the season is not as good as expected from the first reports. In Illinois Dr. Miller is the only one who reports a good season. All the rest give from poor to fair. Indiana seems to be universally poor. In Michigan there is only one who reports good, and all the rest show from fair to poor. This is a surprise, as we have had general reports of good seasons from that State. This can be accounted for only by the fact that those who order goods have a fair season, and so report; and those who do not order do not need the goods, and so of course do not write us. However, taking every thing into consideration, the season over the country has been better than the one of 1895. As to prices on comb honey, 12 cts. seems to be about a fair average. I shall be very glad to have our readers send in their reports, especially from those States that are so conspicuous by their entire absence, or have at most only one or two responses. In our next issue we shall then be enabled to give a fuller and more correct report. The fuller and more accurate these reports for the various States, the better we can gauge the price of honey; and so I hope that, between now and next issue, the postals will pour in by the scores.

The questions that are answered below are as follows:

CANADA.

1. Good; 2. Comb, 10 to 12; extracted, 6 to 7.
South Cayuga, Ont., Can. ISRAEL OVERHOLT.

FLORIDA.

1. Indifferent; 2. Comb, 10 to 12; extracted, 5.
Port Orange, Fla., Aug. 24. J. B. CASE.
1. Good; 2. Comb, 10; extracted, 5. These prices are net. L. K. SMITH.
Grant, Fla., Aug. 24.

ILLINOIS.

1. Poor—that is, the spring flow has been. It bids fair for a good flow from the yellow or fall bloom; 2. Do not know. C. M. THORNTON.
Osage, Ill., Aug. 24.
1. Fair; 2. Comb, 12 to 14; extracted, 6 to 8.
Pittsfield, Ill., Aug. 24. F. M. RUSE.
1. Indifferent. MRS. L. HARRISON.
Peoria, Ill., Aug. 21.
1. Very light; 2. Comb, 15; extracted, 9 to 10.
Plano, Ill., Aug. 19. J. C. WHEELER.

1. Almost an entire failure; 2. Comb, 12½; extracted, none. A. Y. BALDWIN.

De Kalb, Ill., Aug. 24.

1. Excellent; 2. A little comb has been sold at from 12½ to 15. C. C. MILLER.

Marengo, Ill., Aug. 18.

1. Quite poor; 2. Not enough to know the price. E. PICKUP.

Limerick, Ill., Aug. 24.

1. Failure. DADANT & SON.

Hamilton, Ill.

INDIANA.

1. Poor, white clover killed by the '95 drouth; 2. Comb, 10 to 12; extracted, no market

N. Manchester, Ind., Aug. 23. F. S. COMSTOCK.

1. Poor; 2. Comb, 12½; extracted, no demand.

Nappanee, Ind., Aug. 24. LEVI A. RESSLER.

1. The poorest since 1875; not an ounce of surplus, 93 colonies. H. F. WINTER.

Bicknell Ind., Aug. 19.

1. Very poor; 2. No honey to sell. L. V. MILLIKAN.

Spiceland, Ind., Aug. 23.

1. Poor; 2. Comb, 10; no market for extracted. Etna Green, Ind., Aug. 23. WM. IDEN.

IOWA.

1. Good; 2. Comb, 12½ to 15; extracted, 7 to 10. C. E. CARIART & BRO.

Mapleton, Ia., Aug. 24. JAS. RALSTON.

1. Very poor. Vinton, Ia., Aug. 21.

LOUISIANA.

1. Good; 2. Extracted, 9 to 10. L. W. K. SHAW & CO.

Loreauville, La., Aug. 24.

MAINE.

1. Extra good; 2. Comb, 18 to 20; no demand for extracted honey here. J. B. MASON.

Mechanic Falls, Me., Aug. 25.

MARYLAND.

1. A complete failure; 2. Comb, 15. SAMUEL R. NEAVE.

□ Hughesville, Md., Aug. 26.

MICHIGAN.

1. Fairly good; 2. Comb, 18 for best; extracted, 8 to 12 for best. F. PALMER.

Paris, Mich., Aug. 22.

1. Only fair; 2. Comb, 11; extracted, 6 to 7. I. S. TILT.

Filion, Mich., Aug. 24.

1. Poor; 2. Comb, 12½; extracted, 8. H. D. BURRELL.

Covert, Mich., Aug. 19.

1. Poor; 2. No honey on the market. Pittsford, Mich., Aug. 24. GEO. H. DENMAN.

1. Poor; 2. Comb, 14 to 15; extracted, 6. Dexter, Mich., Aug. 24. D. E. LANE.

MISSISSIPPI.

1. Failure. W. J. ALEXANDER.

Kuhn, Miss., Aug. 8.

MISSOURI.

1. Fair; 2. Comb, 12 to 14; no extracted here. Holden, Mo., Aug. 13. J. M. MOORE.

1. Crop fair, 50 lbs. comb, 65 colonies; 2. Clover extracted, 9 to 10; sold 4 tons last winter; comb, country, 10; my crop, 15. JOHN C. STEWART.

Hopkins, Mo., Aug. 23.

1. Good; 2. Comb, 12½ to 15; extracted, 10. Unionville, Mo., Aug. 20. E. F. QUIGLEY.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

1. Indifferent; 2. Comb, 15; extracted, 6 to 8. Wilton, N. H., Aug. 21. B. D. COOK.

NEW YORK.

1. A run of buckwheat honey is turning a poor season to fair; 2. Comb, 12; extracted, 5 to 6. Sammonville, N. Y., Aug. 24. C. STEWART.

1. Indifferent; 2. Comb, 14; extracted, 8 to 10. Lowville, N. Y., Aug. 22. FRED H. LOUCKS.

1. Fair. Wm. P. ABEL.

Vienna, N. Y., Aug. 25.

1. Good; 2. selling wholesale at \$2.40 per 24-lb. single-tier case, assorted sections of buckwheat.

Northampton, N. Y., Aug. 24. PERCY ORTON.

1. Fair to indifferent; 2. Comb, 10 to 13; extracted, 6 to 9. J. W. PIERSON.

Union Springs, N. Y., Aug. 22.

1. Fair; 2. Fancy, 10; lowest I ever saw here. Caton, N. Y., Aug. 20. R. A. TOBEY.

1. Good; 2. Comb, 12 to 14; extracted, 8 to 10. Rock Valley, N. Y., Aug. 19. E. J. HAIGHT.

1. Good; 2. Comb, 15; extracted, 7 to 10. Fayette, N. Y., Aug. 19. FRED. S. EWENS.

OHIO.

1. Poor—in fact, the very poorest I ever saw. I have large colonies now with not a pound of honey in the hive. CHAUNCEY REYNOLDS.

Fremont, O., Aug. 24.

1. Poor; 2. Comb, 14 to 15; extracted, 10. Findlay, O., Aug. 21. D. C. ROUTZAN.

1. Light; 2. Comb, 12 to 15; extracted, 8 to 12. Tiffin, O. J. F. MOORE.

1. Light; 2. Comb, 10. Deshler, O., Aug. 21. THOMAS OBERLITNER.

1. Indifferent; 2. Comb, 14 to 15. East Townsend, O., Aug. 20. H. R. BOARDMAN.

PENNSYLVANIA.

1. Very bad; 2. Comb, 18 to 20. Spring City, Pa., Aug. 22. GEO. CULLUM.

1. Good; 2. Comb, 15; extracted, 8. Franklin, Pa., Aug. 20. ED. JOLLEY.

TENNESSEE.

1. Fair; 2. Comb, 12 to 15. Bunch, Tenn., Aug. 25. JOSEPH STEPHENSON.

1. Indifferent; 2. Comb, 12½ to 13½; extracted, 8½ to 10. Clinton, Tenn., Aug. 24. T. H. LEINART.

1. Good; 2. Extracted, 7 to 7½; comb, 10 to 12. Bristol, Tenn., Aug. 20. M. D. ANDES.

VERMONT.

1. Very good; 2. Comb, 18; extracted, 10. Barre, Vt., Aug. 24. H. W. SCOTT.

1. Good; 2. 12 to 14; extracted, 8 to 10. Middlebury, Vt., Aug. 22. J. E. CRANE.

1. The best in several years; 2. Comb, 10 to 12. Fair Haven, Vt., Aug. 19. A. J. GIBBS.

VIRGINIA.

1. Failure. F. A. FEUCHTENBERGER. Miller School, Va., Aug. 24.

1. Very poor; 2. 12 to 15. R. F. RITCHIE. Rumford, Va., Aug. 20.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Failure; 2. Comb, 12 to 15; best would bring 20. Washington, D. C., Aug. 24. W. W. CONNER.

WEST VIRGINIA.

1. Failure; 2. Comb, 18; extracted, 12. Salama, W. Va., Aug. 20. M. WILKINSON.

THE following, received from the General Manager of the Bee-keepers' Union, will explain itself:

I have submitted for decision by the Advisory Board of the National Bee-keepers' Union as to whether a vote on amalgamation shall now be called for as advised in the bee-periodicals. The result is that but one of the Board is in favor of holding a special election for submitting the question. It will, therefore, have to lie over until the annual election in January next.

THOMAS G. NEWMAN, General Manager. San Diego, Cal., Aug. 20.

C. R. HORRIE & CO., commission merchants, of Chicago, Illinois, are once more soliciting consignments of honey. They were the firm concerning whom so many complaints were received from honey-producers last season—so much so that the editors of at least three bee-papers put in a word of caution.

THE editor of the *Review* suggests that we give the readers of GLEANINGS a photographic view of our basswood yard. It would be a little difficult to show it up well, but I will make a trial of it, anyhow.

OUR HOMES.

Oh how I love thy law!—PSALM 119:97.

A little boy whom we will call Johnny was getting ready for Sunday-school. His face was thoroughly washed, and his hair combed. He had on his Sunday-school clothes, clean cuffs, and collar; and all together he was, so far as outward looks are concerned, a boy to rejoice any mother's heart. Just before starting out for school, however, Johnny went out without letting his mother know any thing about it, and slipped some marbles from his every-day pocket into the pocket in his Sunday suit. That was not a very bad thing for a small boy to do; but it was just one little step out of the way. He knew it was not exactly the thing to do or he would not have taken pains that his mother should know nothing about it.

On his way to school he crossed the common. Just ahead of him was a bad boy named Sam, and very few mothers permitted their boys to have any thing to do with him if they knew it. But Sam was an expert marble-player. He had an extra nice marble, different from any other marble in the town; and with this marble he had a knack of "shooting," exciting not only the admiration but envy of all the other boys of his age. Ever so many had tried to get hold of the trick; but Sam did it so quickly that they never could see how it was done. As soon as Sam saw Johnny he challenged him to play. At first Johnny objected by saying he must go to Sunday-school. Sam told him it was not near time yet; and then Johnny reflected that, if no one was yet around, it would not be at all strange if he should get hold of that trick of shooting a marble with such accuracy; and he would be sure to stop in time to be on hand at his class. A ring was soon formed, and the boys were deeply absorbed in the game. Did it ever occur to you, my friend, that you are sure to have bad luck when you consent to do any thing on Sunday that you know is not just right? This time was no exception to the rule. Sam produced his celebrated marble, and popped the one out of the center the very first shot. But that precious, valuable marble also "popped" into a puddle near by, for it had been raining the night before. Sam at once plunged his naked arm down into the puddle just where the marble disappeared, but did not find it. Johnny also very soon began poking around in the mud, notwithstanding his clean spotless cuffs and Sunday clothes. You know about how the average boy would manage. Now, even Sam, bad as he was, it seems, did not for a moment suspect that Johnny, a *Sunday-school boy*, would be so wicked as to *steal* his marble. After Johnny had poked a while he stood up and said:

"I declare, Sam, I can't imagine where that marble could have got to; but I am late for Sunday-school already, and I really can not stop another minute. You will be pretty sure to find it if you keep on hunting."

After Johnny had got a little way off he slipped the precious marble into his pocket and hurried off to Sunday-school. We will not follow him any further just now; but I presume that every child who reads GLEANINGS (and I have been told several times that there are quite a few who do) knows as well as every older person about how Johnny felt as he took his place in the class.

The above little story was repeated in my hearing by the teacher of our juvenile department, after she had returned from attendance at the Ohio State Sunday-school Association.

Perhaps I have not told it just as she did. She made an object-lesson of it by having some thin glass tumblers, numbered from 1 to 10. She told the children that those tumblers were to represent the ten commandments. Then she asked them how many of the commandments Johnny had broken that beautiful Sunday morning after the summer shower, while he was on the way to Sunday-school, all fixed up nice and clean. Those beautiful clean cuffs and nice starched clothes with which his mother fixed him up were soiled, and their beauty was more or less marred by the muddy water. But, oh dear me! how much worse was the state of poor Johnny's *heart*! That bright clear conscience which he had as he started out in the morning—oh what a wreck and ruin! He might have said, when he first got up that morning, like David, "Oh how I love thy law!" Poor Sam! with all his wicked ways, dirty clothing, and bad talk—poor Sam, whom we left poking away in the muddy water—why, Sam was a *prince* beside poor wicked sinful Johnny.

The speaker asked how many of the commandments Johnny had broken that morning. Several hands went up. Then she asked some one to mention one particular command, and to repeat the commandment. Then she broke one of the little tumblers with a hammer, as a sample of the way Johnny had broken God's holy law. Almost everybody was startled. And then another commandment was repeated which Johnny had broken, and crash went the hammer again into the glass that represented that command. To get right down to the real truth, he came pretty near breaking every one of God's commands when he got started, by being so careful not to let his mother see him slip the marbles into his pocket. When he yielded to Sam's invitation to play marbles on Sunday he forgot about the command, "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy." When his fingers touched that precious marble in the mud he broke the one that says, "Thou shalt not covet." When he said it was time for him to go to Sunday-school he broke the one about bearing false witness; and when he started off with the marble in his pocket, he had deliberately smashed in pieces and trampled under foot the one which says, "Thou shalt not steal." Why! if Johnny had been a little older I am not sure but he *might* have broken every command of the *ten* before the sun went down that night, had he kept on in the way he started.

So far this is just a child's story. But, dear friends, we are all children of a little larger growth. Grown-up men in business circles get into just such scrapes, and they sometimes yield to Satan's suggestions just as poor Johnny did. The good clothes, the bringing-up, and the fact that they go to church, and are sometimes on the way to church, does not save them. Truly the tempter is constantly going about seeking whom he may devour.

"It was David who gave voice to the beautiful words of our text—"Oh how I love thy law!" and he spoke truly. In another verse he says, "I hate and abhor lying; but thy law do I love." David was such a godly man—he lived such a good and pure life, as a rule, that he was at one time called a man after God's own heart; but even David himself was in danger. Perhaps the very fact that he had got into a way of thinking that so good a man as he was could not well commit sin, or at least such terrible sins, was one reason why he at one time in his life made that terrible fall. Through his early years he endured persecution, such as perhaps no other man had experienced. He

held on to God's strong arm through it all. He was not only brave and courageous, but he was bright and hopeful. He enriched the world with his beautiful precepts, and the way in which he repeated God's precious promises. The Bible tells us that, if we are not weary in well doing, and faint not, we shall finally reap the reward of our faithfulness. David passed through all his trials, and it seems as if God had decided finally to reward him. He could bear adversity, he could bear persecution, he could bear to be driven from home and friends; and he had such magnanimity of heart that he would not strike back even when the enemy that was trying to take his life was so fully in his power. He endured adversity; but when great *prosperity* came it was too much for him. He was the king; and finally not only all men but all *women* bowed before him. He was wise, smart, and bright—probably good-looking, especially when arrayed in his royal apparel. Perhaps flattery made him vain and selfish. He commenced something, doubtless, as Johnnny did. He began to do things because he was *king* that he might not have thought of doing otherwise. Then he began to covet something that belonged to his neighbor. It was not marbles nor houses and lands, nor fine dwellings. Why! he might have robbed his neighbor of millions of money or property, and it would have been trifling. What he *did* covet was his neighbor's *wife*, notwithstanding he had at the same time more *wives* than any man ought to have, even if he was *king*. This neighbor was a faithful soldier in David's army. He was absent from his home and fireside at this very time, because he was *loyal* to the *king*. Could a king stoop to any thing so wicked? May be the *woman* was partly to blame. We do not know. Perhaps she forgot her *loyal*, faithful, honest, and devoted husband who was doing his duty like a man and like a soldier. Trouble came, as trouble always comes when we make the prince of darkness our partner. Even the *king* himself was in a corner. Something must be done. He called Uriah home; but Uriah, in his simple honesty and independence, refused to be a tool, even for the *king*. We do not know whether he suspected guilt or not. He would not go home while the *king's* army was all out in the field. David then plied him with presents, and even made him drunk; but the poor honest soldier was *loyal* and true to his country and his *king*, even when more or less *intoxicated*.

David was fast getting on from bad to worse. We do not know what counsel this wicked woman gave him. Perhaps I should not have said "wicked," after all, for it is a pretty serious matter for even a woman to refuse to do the bidding of a *king*, or it was in those days. David called in his commander-in-chief, Joab, and unblushingly let Joab into enough of his guilty secret to tell him what he wanted. Joab was a fierce warrior—a man accustomed, doubtless, to committing terrible crimes when the *king* commanded. The letter containing the directions to have Uriah pushed forward into danger, where he was sure to be killed, was carried to the wicked Joab by no other than the honest, upright, and manly Uriah himself. One almost begins to think, when reading it, that Uriah should have been *king*, or at least commander-in-chief, and that David should have been the private soldier, where he would have been under strict regulations, so that he could not harm others. Of course, Uriah was killed right speedily; and after a brief ceremonial mourning Bath-sheba became David's favorite wife.

Unbelievers have spoken of David's cruelty to his enemies. They tell us that, after he had

taken them captive, and when they were defenseless, he tortured them with saws, and harrowed them with iron tools, and even made them pass through fire. But we should remember this was while David was carrying about with him that terribly guilty conscience. When you see a man—especially a man in authority—who is surly, harsh, and who does not hesitate to let everybody know, right and left, that he is unhappy, and unhappy from morning till night, is it not a pretty sure sign that that man is carrying a guilty conscience? Such men are cruel to women and children; they are heartless and brutal to the dumb beasts. It is the guilty conscience that does this. David was no exception. He was a terrible man, probably, until Nathan, by God's command, went and told him that little story about the one ewe lamb. This lamb belonged to a poor man. It was a pet in the family. It was the only one they had. They regarded it as almost one of the children. A rich neighbor lived near him who had great flocks of sheep, and every thing else in proportion. A distinguished guest came to see him; but instead of taking from his own flocks he went and killed this one ewe lamb belonging to his poor neighbor, and had it dressed for the feast. When Nathan told David the story, David was surly and harsh still. The idea that anybody should do such a thing aroused the *king's* anger. He declared that the rich man should pay fourfold, and then finished up by saying that the rich man should be *put to death*. Such a guilty, selfish, unscrupulous man is not fit to live, even if he is rich. And now the grand character of Nathan the prophet shines out. He extends his finger and says, with terrible emphasis, "Thou art the man. Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, I anointed thee king over Israel, and delivered thee out of the hand of Saul; . . . wherefore hast thou despised the commandment of the Lord, to do evil in his sight? Thou hast killed Uriah the Hittite with the sword, and hast taken his wife to be thy wife, and hast slain him with the sword of the children of Ammon." Poor David! God's just retribution had come at last. Had David been like some of the old heathen kings the old prophet would have been put to death at once for *daring* to rebuke the monarch. David had been bad—*terribly* bad; but he was *not* a lost man, after all. God's grace had not entirely departed from him. David bowed his head, and confessed that the Lord's judgment was just and right. But the retribution followed. Away down through the ages the consequences of this sin and folly came cropping out. Murder and bloodshed, crime after crime, followed in quick succession. Absalom, his own child, drove him from his home and throne in order that he might be *king* instead of his father.

In reading this sad bit of history one wonders if it were really possible that David uttered the words of our text. What inconsistency for a man who had committed such an act as that to say, "Oh how I love thy law!" The Bible teaches, however, that the grace of God can change a man's heart; and God has promised to forgive our iniquities so that they may be as if the charge against us were blotted out. Unbelief and skepticism reject this; but what a hopeless world this would be if there were no such thing as real *penitence* and a new heart!*

Again, it has been urged that God seemed to indorse this wickedness by making Solomon, the fruit of this unholy union, such a great and

* If any one has any doubt in regard to David's penitence being sound and genuine, let him read the wonderful words expressing his sorrow and grief over his sin, in the 51st and 32d Psalms.

wise man. Not so. God has promised to bring good out of evil; and where a soul truly repents, God does finally bring good from that which was started as evil. David's first transgression was in breaking the command, "Thou shalt not covet;" and if the commandments had been written after David's time, I should have thought the clause, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife," possibly came in because of David's transgression. The command against adultery was broken very speedily; then the one against stealing, and the one in regard to bearing false witness; next, *murder*; and then the poor guilty wretch was ready, it would seem, to trample almost the whole decalog under foot; but God's faithful prophet stood by and fearlessly charged David with the sin.

□ Dear friend, God's faithful servants are near you at this moment—nearer than you think. Are you ready to bow your head in acknowledgment of the sin when the needed rebuke comes at the hand of a courageous and faithful friend? May God help you to repent as David did!



In my hands is a little book entitled "Handbook of the League of American Wheelmen, Ohio Division." It is sent free to every member of the L. A. W., which means League of American Wheelmen. Now, the book has a little map of the whole State of Ohio, and then on each page is a map of each county, purporting to give every traveled road in said county, and telling the wheelman which roads he had better take to reach a certain point, warning him which roads to avoid on account of hills, sand, or mud in muddy weather. This book is compiled from contributions of wheelmen in the separate counties, and it has been a source of much pleasure and profit to me to study our State of Ohio while I study the pages of the book. Some of the wheelmen, where they happen to have a natural love for scenery, have given important objects of interest in their separate counties. For instance, Mr. H. R. Boving, of Lancaster, Fairfield Co., tells us of some wonderful pieces of Nature's work in his county. I reached Lancaster, as I have told you, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon (see page 612 last issue). I made inquiries of people on the train, and found that Mount Pleasant was just in the edge of the city; in fact, it almost reaches over a part of the fairground. As soon as I stepped from the train I mounted my wheel and made for this rocky structure. It is a mass of rocks 250 feet high at the highest point; and on the side toward the fairground, and, in fact, almost all around it, the walls are nearly perpendicular, sometimes overreaching. The top is covered with grass and trees, and in the cavities of the rock, on its summit, one can almost always find rain water enough to get a refreshing drink, even if it is not always cool. There are wild flowers, grass, trees, mosses, and laurels, in great profusion. When I was a boy in my teens I got hold of a book of Indian romance. It was entitled, I believe, "The Forest Rose." The hero of the tale was Lewis Wetzel, and his wonderful deeds of daring took place on this great bluff. I have not learned how much of the story is fact and how much is fancy; but there was doubtless some fact about it, and it made me enjoy all the more my

visit to Mount Pleasant. If any of our readers can get hold of the book, "Forest Rose," so as to mail it to me, I will gladly pay them for their trouble. As it is more than forty years since I saw it, it may be out of print. I learned, also, from my handbook, about "Riven Rock," within four or five miles of the city. The book simply says, "A large hill full of fissures, from fifty to one hundred feet deep, wide enough for a single-file procession." The only chance I had for the visit, on account of the many committee meetings of the Anti-saloon League, was between adjournment at noon and the opening of the afternoon session, which began at 2:30. Counting out 20 minutes for dinner I had a little over two hours to explore Riven Rock, and go and return. The latter was quickly done, for there are beautiful macadamized graveled or limestone roads in all the principal directions out of the city.

As my time was so limited I made some inquiries to be sure I was right. Two or three people said it was from four to six miles; another one said nine miles; and after I had got about 2 miles in the right direction, a blacksmith declared most positively that it was 14 miles. I went a little further and consulted a woman, and she told me there was no such rock or mountain in that neighborhood; but she finally informed me, however, that there was something over beyond the State Farm—in other words, the Ohio Industrial School for boys. I longed to visit that school, but lack of time forbade. A little further on I met a man in the road, who straightened me out. He said there were two wonderful rocky hills. One of them is four miles from Lancaster, and the other seventeen. The blacksmith had started me on the wrong road. It was one of the hottest days of the present summer, and I just made the summit of one of the tallest hills in Fairfield Co. Lost again. There was no help for it; I had started out to visit Riven Rock, and to Riven Rock I was *going*. I went down the hill like the wind, struck the graveled pike once more where the blacksmith started me wrong, and went up hill and down (like the wind again) until I was sure I ought to be near Riven Rock. A boy said it was just ahead of me, on the right-hand side. He had been there "many a time." Half a mile further, some men working on a bridge told me I had come past the place to turn off; that I would have to go back half a mile, and go through a gate where it read "No trespass."

Now, I do not like to do such things; but I concluded to "trespass" notwithstanding, and pay damages if I got arrested. After many turnings over the hard road I was at the foot of Riven Rock. The man on whose land I was "trespassing" was so much taken up with my 19 pound Remington wheel that he easily forgave my breaking the rules. I was in so much of a hurry, however, I asked him to take my wheel in charge while I ascended the path he pointed out up the wonderful mountain. There was such a growth of trees, shrubbery, and vines, one could not see any thing except the brush and trees. Toward the summit of the hill it seemed to be all rock, and said rock was shattered by some mighty convulsion so there were fissures in every direction. It reminded me of Mammoth Cave, only there was a thin streak of daylight over most of the pathways. I plunged in, thinking, I should have time for only a brief survey. Many feet had made quite a smooth pathway, except where leaves and brush had dropped down from above. Pretty soon it occurred to me that I was losing the points of the compass by so many windings and turnings; but I thought I would push through

to the opposite side of the mountain; but there were so many openings to the right and left, and the pathways were so crooked, I soon realized that I could not tell any thing about which way I was going. I reached the outside, but nothing met my view but vines, trees, and bushes. Had I not been in such a hurry, I would have stopped to admire the rhododendrons that grow here in great profusion in their native soil. Friend Boving told me that, during the season of bloom, their beauty is beyond conjecture. I went back into the rocky fastness, and thought I would try to come out where I went in; but there was not a familiar pathway to be found. I came out at different points, but each one looked just like the other. After going out and in through the mountains until I was pretty well tired out, I finally decided I would push my way through the tangled vegetation at a venture. I listened for some sounds of life or human activity in the valley below, but not a sound.

After getting scratched, and covered with burrs, I finally struck a wagon-track at the base of the hill. Then I sat down and tried to figure out whether I had better go to the right or to the left. The sun was so nearly straight overhead that it did not tell any thing at all. I finally turned to the left, and traveled about a quarter of a mile. Then I discovered a house off a little piece from the road. A woman there told me I was going the wrong way. I sampled their beautiful plums that were just getting ripe, then took a drink of water from the old oaken bucket, with its squeaking windlass; went a quarter of a mile further, and met a man. I told him I wanted to get back to Lancaster as soon as possible, and informed him where I had left my wheel.

"Why, stranger, if you have got a good 'wheel' it is not any trick at all. We have a boy in these parts who has ridden down to Lancaster in fifteen minutes."

"You don't mean he went over roads like this one before us, so as to get to Lancaster in fifteen minutes?"

He declared he did; but I mentally decided that either the wheels or the boys or both were of a different kind from what they have in other parts.

In a little more time I was on familiar ground, and the first glimpse I had of my wheel was seeing a lank, barefooted boy standing before it and looking at every part with wonderful earnestness. It was just as I surmised—that boy was the one who rode to the city in fifteen minutes. He finally added, however:

"Oh! it was fifteen minutes *after* I got out of the lane on to the *graveled* pike; and the lane was nearly a mile long around in among the hills, and pretty hard traveling even on foot." And then I noticed something I had not seen at first. Right across the lane from where I set my wheel up, was a home-made bicycle. It was mostly of wood. The front wheel was taken from a corn-sheller, and the cogs were left on, so wherever the boy rode, the cog-wheel left its print in the dirt. My barefooted friend explained, however, that he did not make four miles in fifteen minutes on *that* wheel. He said his younger brother rode that, and made it go very well, especially where it was a little down hill. I too, when I got out on to the *graveled* pike, made Lancaster in a very short time; and I reached the speakers' stand on the campmeeting grounds just as one of the "big guns" was getting in his heaviest oratory.

Now, if you ever get near Fairfield Co., do not fail to take a view of these wonderful freaks of nature. It is worth going fifty or one hun-

dred miles to see either of them, especially to one who loves to study nature's freaks as I do.



NEW POTATOES.

The first to get so ripe that the vines were dry, were New Queens; and our first digging gave us 108 bushels from a quarter of an acre. The yield would have been still larger, but a part of the ground was so low that the potatoes were drowned out, and rotted. The next that seemed to be ready to dig was about a quarter of an acre of White Bliss Triumph; but these were really earlier than the Queen, because they were planted later. Another thing, the Queen was from large potatoes planted whole, putting at least ten bushels of potatoes on the quarter-acre, while the White Bliss were planted with potatoes cut to one eye. The cutting was done at Goldsboro, N. C., and shipped to us after being cut. The way it came about, we ordered an additional barrel after their potatoes were all cut ready for planting. Not to disappoint us they sent them along ready to drop. My experience has been that this is not the best way. But these came up promptly, and gave us almost a perfect stand. They did not cover the ground as thoroughly as where we planted whole potatoes, but they made a very nice show in a very short time. Now, the yield of these was almost equal to the New Queen. It was certainly over 100 bushels from a quarter of an acre, and the potatoes were almost all great big whoppers. This is something rather unusual, at least with us, for extra early potatoes. Some of them were almost too large for a nice cooking potato. The quality is very fair. I do not know that the White Bliss is any better yielder than the Red Bliss (the potato quoted in the market as the "Triumph"); but both of them are certainly very valuable potatoes. First, they are about as early as any thing in the world. I do not know of an earlier potato. Notwithstanding this, they are splendid yielders. Third, they are of good shape, good size, and, last of all, they are very good in quality. From my present standpoint I pronounce the Bliss Triumph to be the best early potato in the world. The *Rural New-Yorker* reports Salser's Earliest as the earliest potato in a trial of 58 varieties; and the experiment station pronounces Salser's Earliest the same as the Bliss Triumph, if I remember correctly. The White Bliss is an improvement in being white. A white potato always receives the preference, other things being equal.

How about the Thoroughbred? Well, none of them are quite ripe at present, Aug. 19. With us it seems to be a later potato than the New Queen or Triumph; but the vines are pretty nearly dead now, and we shall have a report from them soon. By the way, all the potatoes on our plantation, except our old favorite the Craig, look yellow, dead, and dying since our recent rains. The Craigs are just as they have been the two years before this—bright, green, and thrifty, when every thing else is dark and wilting. Not only are the Craigs free from blight, but neither bugs nor recent dry weather seems to have much if any effect on them. Bugs are certainly not as bad on the Triumph or White Bliss as on the Thoroughbred and most others. Manum's Enor-

mous is going to make a tremendous yield, I can see by the way it is heaving up the ground; but the vines are more or less affected by the dry weather we are having now after the tremendous rains that settled our clay ground down so hard and solid. You may remember I used a barrel of sulphur to counteract the scab, and the scab is a little the worst where the sulphur was used—at least, it looks so at present. We need not reason from this that the sulphur made the scab worse; but the piece of ground where the sulphur is put on was probably more liable to produce scab.

OUR POTATO-DIGGER.

Our potatoes have all been dug thus far with a cheap digger—one costing us about \$10.00—a sort of shovel plow with prongs sticking out behind. With this we can dig potatoes almost as fast as Terry can with his expensive digger, except—"Except" means that it does not get *all* of the potatoes on top of the ground. If potatoes are worth only 25 cts. a bushel, it does not matter so much if you do not get them all; and if you are going to fix the ground for some other crop after the potatoes are off, it does not matter so much; only every time you work the ground, a boy must go over with a basket and pick up the potatoes that get thrown up to the surface. With a yield of 400 bushels to the acre, perhaps from ten to twenty bushels would be left; and the only way you could get these would be by working the ground over and over, and having a boy spend his time in following the tools, and picking the potatoes up. The main crop can be dug and put into the cellar for four or five cents per bushel; but it may cost you ten or fifteen cents a bushel to get the last fifteen or twenty. I should really like one of the diggers that elevate the potatoes, sift out the dirt, and leave them spread out on top of the ground; but will it pay to buy such a machine where one raises, say, eight or ten acres of potatoes a year? If he gets 400 bushels per acre, right straight through, it might pay, *especially* if he could get forty or fifty cents a bushel for his product. But a ten-dollar digger does pretty good service, after all, especially where you can get good boys for five or six cents an hour.

Burpee's Extra Early and Six Weeks did tolerably; but neither of them is as early, as productive, nor of as good quality as the White Bliss.

PICKING UP POTATOES.

We have perhaps half a dozen boys and men, more or less, to pick up potatoes. Now, there is a great difference in people. All pickers will leave some potatoes on the ground, or partly under the ground. I frequently go after them to see how well they get hold of every one that is at all visible. Some very good men at other kinds of work will pass by a good many potatoes. If they are partly covered with earth, or behind a lump of dirt, they may not see them at all. Naturally, small boys are most likely to skip, saying they did not see them. But this is not always true. When we were digging the White Bliss they were so valuable that I went over the ground after the pickers, to see how many they missed. The ground was lumpy after the heavy packing rains I have spoken of, and a good many times the only glimpse one might get of a nice large potato would be between the lumps of dirt. Now, I can see a potato, or I can guess where one will be found under the dirt, for it amounts to pretty nearly the latter, better than any one of my helpers. Perhaps it is because I am intensely interested, and that I feel as happy with a nice potato as I would in catching a big fish. An-

other thing, I have had years of drill in this very thing. Most of my bee-keeping friends have learned how to find a queen among thousands of moving bees. Well, this same drill has taught me to see potatoes when you might say they were practically out of sight. And it is not only potatoes but it is a thousand other things that I see around among the work when nobody else sees it. Almost every morning there is a tool of some kind missing. If I am not around, much time will be spent in looking for it. When I remind the boys where they had it, they have forgotten all about it. As I go over the ground, my eye takes in tools that are left where last used, and crops that are ready to gather, and all sorts of things that need doing. Well, that is right and proper. If the boss of the ranch does not keep his eye on things of that sort, he is not fit to be boss. And this thing makes a man valuable and high-priced. There are men who notice every thing, and who remember every thing, and who think to remind the employer of things that need attention; of tools that ought to be repaired; of crops that are suffering for a little care; and where we find a man who is keen and sharp, and on the alert in this way, and is constantly saving steps and waste and loss because of his intense *interest* in what is going on, he is the man who gets big pay, and very soon is promoted to the position of foreman. Now, so simple a matter as picking up potatoes takes a man's measure, or *money value*, in the way I have been speaking of. My friend, can you pick up the potatoes after they are thrown out by a machine, so that I can not find any nice fine large ones if I follow after you?

PICKING NICE APPLES IN YOUR OWN DOOR-YARD.

Do you know what it is to have an apple-tree of your own, and watch the apples day by day from the time they emerge from the blossom until they are great luscious beauties? Have you seen the beautiful colors of Nature's pencilings as they come forth under the influence of the autumn sun to tell of the luscious ripeness that comes with maturity? Then have you enjoyed handling the great fair fruit day by day until it has approached just the right stage of mellowness? If not, then you have missed one of the rare joys of having a home of your own. Our apple-trees have all been sprayed four times this season, and we have the finest and most beautiful fruit it was ever my fortune to find anywhere. First we were delighted with the tree of Early Harvest I have told you about. Now we have Maiden's Blush and Queen Ann, and our Gravenstines and fall pippins are just beginning to ripen. All these are close by the door, so it is an easy matter to watch every stage of Nature's work. By the way, when at our experiment station Prof. Green asked me to notice the smooth clean trunks and limbs of the apple-trees through the orchard where they had been sprayed regularly year after year. "Now," said he, "just look at the trunks and limbs in this one row right down through the orchard where there has been no spraying done at all." I did not know before that spraying affected the trunk and limbs, and, in fact, the whole tree as well as the fruit, for that particular season.

MONEY LOST IN THE MAIIS—WHO SHALL STAND IT?

Although stamps and even bills, when enclosed in a letter, usually reach their destination, especially here in the North, there are, notwithstanding, every little while, cases of

loss. This occurs oftener where letters come from quite a distance; and past experience seems to indicate that there are certain localities in the South where it seems unsafe to send money without registering or some other means of making it safe. We, like other business houses, protest in our circulars against sending money in that way; but many people will continue to do it. When a loss comes up, the question is, "Who shall stand it?" Where the money sent was for something needed badly, we have been in the habit, for years past, of sending the goods right along, asking the sender to bear part of the loss. With few exceptions they are willing to do this; but once in a while we have a customer who, after he gets the goods, absolutely refuses to do any thing. Below is a letter received last April:

□ I sent you an order on the 13th day of March, 1896, for which I enclosed \$1.80, for three Clark's cold-blast-smokers, and have not heard from them yet. Please send me, whether you sent me the smokers or not; or have you received the money?

Hoping to hear from you at once I am yours truly,

X. Y. Z.

— Ga., April 3.

P. S.—Send goods to —, Ga. (by mail).

□ After we had ascertained that no such letter had ever reached us, we wrote our friend, expressing our regret; but we told him also, as the want of the goods might be more than the worth of them, we had concluded to send them right along, proposing to divide the loss, as we often do. Since then we have written him perhaps half a dozen times, telling him we could ill afford to furnish him the goods he wanted, without getting even *one copper* in return. As he has the goods in his possession, however, he seems to think he is all right, and replies each time something after the fashion of the letter given below:

Dear Sir:—Your statement on my account is just received and contents carefully noted. I have paid said account in full. If you charge more for your goods yet, I don't understand how you can claim any more from me.

X. Y. Z.

□ P. S.—I sent you just what you say I owe you. I hope this will be satisfactory to you. There is no doubt about your getting said money.

— Ga., June 8. X. Y. Z.

Please notice how provokingly he writes—"No doubt about your getting said money."

There is another feature about this matter: The want of a smoker to handle bees may be much greater than the real worth of it—that is, there are times when the bee-keeper could afford to pay the price of a smoker rather than be without it a single day. Under such circumstances, when we forward one without receiving the money we may do a customer a real kindness. Now, we are always glad to do this; and, as I have said before, in a great majority of instances we find our friends ready to share the loss with us. The conduct and behavior, however, of just one man like X. Y. Z. is so discouraging that we may have to give up the plan entirely. Should one man, by his stubbornness and unwillingness to share a part of the losses be permitted to stand in the way of the general good?

Health Notes.

THE RALSTON HEALTH CLUB.

Friend Root:—Read the inclosed clipping (from *Bufier's Electricity*), headed "Ralston Health Club," and learn how to live 200 years. It beats meat and hot water "all holler."

R. TOUCHTON.

Santa Paula, Cal., March 7.

The newspaper clipping inclosed with the above letter is from an old and valued friend in California, and it gives quite fully the experience of a lady who invested. She pronounces the club a big money-making scheme, and says that, when you get right down to it, the wonderful secret that costs so much to get hold of is nothing more nor less than Dr. Hall's internal hot-water cure. Within the past two or three years I have received letters from a good many persons, urging me to join the Ralston Health Club. I feel sure these friends are honest and sincere; but after sending \$1.00 for one of their books, and trying to read it understandingly, it had the opposite effect upon myself. While there is a good deal of sense and sound advice, which seems to be mostly copied from good authorities, there is also to me a good deal that is *any thing* but true science. The newspaper clipping that I refer to says: "Although \$35,000,000 has been paid to its officers, no accounting has ever been given to the members of the manner in which the money was expended."

It seems to be a sort of secret society: and the book I purchased had the word "Private" printed at the top of every page. I say *had*; for, after I had had it about six months, I sat down determined to find out the real scientific value of the thing if I could. This was because so many good friends so earnestly urged me to look into it. My researches ended in pitching it into the waste-basket.

Special Notices in the Line of Gardening, etc.

By A. I. Root.

THE YOUNG MARKET-GARDENER, OR THE BEGINNER'S GUIDE.

The above is the title of a paper-covered book of 120 pages, by our old friend T. Greiner; and, judging from a brief review, I think it is one of his happiest efforts. Every page of it seems bright with important instruction, and the cheerful vivacity and intense enthusiasm of the writer make it more interesting to one who loves to grow stuff either under glass or out in the open air, than any fiction. The instructions are so very plain that the average boy or girl would know just how to go to work. The price of the book is 50 cts. by mail, postpaid. No doubt the book is worth 50 cts.; but when garden and farm produce is bringing so little, I did hope that friend Greiner and his publishers would have been able to make it a little cheaper, especially in paper covers.

NOVELTIES FOR 1896.

First we have Mills' Earliest in the World tomato. During the past season we have planted nearly all of the popular candidates for an early tomato. Mills' Earliest gave us the first, and they are certainly as nice and smooth as any tomato in the world. They are not as large as the Fordhook, but they are at least one week earlier. This fact alone gives them a place. It strikes me they would be a valuable tomato to grow under glass. We have carefully saved all the fruit, and have seed of our own growing that we offer for sale in 5-cent packages, or 10 cts. for $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce, 15 cts.; ounce, 50 cts.

For a large-sized tomato, a little later than the above, we place the Fordhook at the top of the list. It is handsome, and of good size, early, and of good quality. Price of seed of our own raising, from selected fruit, ounce, 35 cts.

Cole's American coffee-berry is a success for coffee, and also a valuable variety of the soja beans. If we were going to use coffee at all, I should prefer this to the real coffee—principally, perhaps, because I think it more healthful. Just now, however, pure hot water is the most delicious beverage for me, to be found in the whole wide world, both at and between meals. I have often said, and say now, may the Lord be praised that he has given me a liking

for pure water, beyond any thing else, as a beverage. We can send you a few seeds of the coffee-bean for 5 cts., if you want them.

MILLS' BANNER BEAN.

This is another thing that we got from Mills, that we think worthy of adoption. It is a plain white bean, looking very much like the York State marrow; but it has given us the biggest yield, I think, I ever saw with any of the bean family. At present we can offer seed of our own raising, only in 5-cent packages.

THE NEW UPLAND RICE.

While in Florida I fell in love with rice for a forage-plant and as feed for stock, as well as a cereal for table use. Well, when somebody advertised a kind of rice that would grow in the North, and on upland, I felt glad. Some of it is now maturing seed in our garden across the way; and, so far as I can see, it seems to be a success. If you want to try it we can furnish seed in 5-cent packages.

RURAL NEW-YORKER WINTER OATS.

When the *Rural New-Yorker* announced that they had a kind of oats that would stand the York State winter without injury, I procured enough to sow an acre. I have told you how it wintered. We have several bushels of seed of our own raising, very nice and heavy. If you want to make a trial we will mail it in 5 cent packages, or we will send a quart for 10 cts. If wanted by mail, add 10 cts. more for postage. Sow it about the time of sowing wheat.

SEED AND ONION-SETS TO BE PLANTED IN SEPTEMBER.

If you are going to winter cabbage-plants over in cold-frames, you had better sow a few seeds, say every week during the month. As much will depend upon the weather, some of your sowings will probably hit it. Start lettuce, to be moved into the greenhouse later, if you have not done it already.

All kinds of radishes may be put out now. The Chinese Rose Winter seems to be best.

Now is just the time to sow spinach, to be wintered outdoors. Bloomsdale Extra Curled we consider the best. Price 18 cts. per lb.; 5 lbs. for 75 cts.

ONION-SETS TO BE PLANTED IN SEPTEMBER

In our locality we succeed more or less with almost any kind of sets; but the Extra Early American Pearl stands at the head of the list, both in hardiness and in quality. Price, per quart, 20 cts.; peck, \$1.25; bushel, \$4.00. This year we can furnish the White Prizetaker at the same price as the American Pearl. This White Prizetaker was introduced by Johnson & Stokes. It is certainly a very handsome onion—better in shape, with fewer thick necks than the old Prizetaker. Perhaps the latter is owing to the fact that seed is now scarce and very high-priced. We have such a large quantity of sets, however,* that we can furnish them at prices as above. Large size, suitable for pickling-onions, half the above prices. The White Multiplier and the Whittaker onion winter with us perfectly winter after winter, as I have told you. Price of these, 10 cts. a quart; 70 cts. a peck; \$2.50 a bushel. Winter, or Egyptian, onion-sets, 5 cts. a quart; 35 cts. a peck; \$1.00 a bushel. These would winter and grow all right, without doubt, away up in Alaska; at least, I have never heard of their being killed out by the winter anywhere. If onion-sets are ordered by mail, be sure to add 10 cts. per quart for postage.

STRAWBERRY-PLANTS.

If you have tried putting out strawberry-plants in September, and have made a success of it, all right. Go ahead and plant them out by the thousands if you choose; but if you are new in the business, and have not tried fall planting, perhaps you had better commence with a dozen, or, say, 25, and "learn the trade." We shall put them out all through this month, and we shall make them live; but we are going to do it with the transplanting-tools, as I have explained.

* In regard to raising Prizetaker onions from sets, I clip the following from a recent number of the *Practical Farmer*:

I experimented with Prizetaker sets this season, and my success was complete. I set two rows in my garden early in April. The ground occupied was, all together, 144 feet. I raised two bushels and a half. Some of the onions weighed one pound and three ounces. I think the entire lot would average one-half pound apiece. Did not use any kind of fertilizer.

Mahoning Co., O.

D. E. BINGHAM.

SECOND-CROP SEED POTATOES.

I do not know how many of the friends have tried planting potatoes in July or August, that were grown the same year; but I do know of one person who made a blunder by deciding that his potato were never going to come up, and planting something else. After the "something else" came up the potatoes did too, and now their great strong thrifty vines are growing nicely—that is, the few that were not spoiled by our blunder. The exceedingly hot weather about the time they should have been planted, has been, I judge, rather unfavorable. But quite a few, however, who bought the Thoroughbreds along in July say they are now coming up nicely. I am now sorry I did not plant out a couple of acres instead of a few rows. I think I am "learning the trade," and will know better how to do it next time. By the way, it is wonderfully refreshing to me to see the bright green foliage and rank growth just at the time when potatoes are ordinarily wilting and blighting and drying up. My Freemans, that were planted about the middle of July, are now a "thing of beauty;" and if not a "joy for ever," they make my heart rejoice two or three times every day when I take a look at them.

SEED POTATOES FOR 1897.

At present writing, Aug. 27, of course no one can tell exactly what the supply and demand will be, and where prices will stand; but I have ventured to make the following low prices to those who will send in their orders now and have their potatoes shipped now or some time later as they may choose. We put the price so low we think many of the desirable late varieties will be sold out. We are rather hoping that prices will advance; but we are prepared to furnish every thing mentioned, at the prices given, for *immediate* orders. Where orders come for the late varieties that are not dug we will ship them as soon as dug, or later, as you may desire. Figures are for selected potatoes. Seconds, where we have them, will be just half the above prices. This applies to every thing except to potatoes sent by mail; for few would be likely to be willing to pay 8 cts. per lb. postage on any thing but the best. Our Freemans and a large part of our Thoroughbreds were raised by T. B. Terry. I have just looked over his fields and sampled his potatoes; and some way or other it seems as if potatoes of his raising are a little nicer than any others I have ever seen anywhere, unless it is those grown by Wilbur Fenn, Tallmadge, O. Terry grows only early potatoes, and Fenn grows only late ones—that is, they are planted late, and will not be dug, probably, until some time in October. Our Sir Williams and Monroe Seedlings are all grown by Wilbur Fenn. At present writing he has the handsomest 18-acre potato-field of rank green thrifty potato-vines that I ever saw in any month or anywhere—not a bug, not a bit of blight; no scab, no perforated leaves.

NAME.	1 lb. by mail.	3 lbs. by mail.	1/2 peck.	Peck.	1/2 bushel.	Bushel.	Barrel—11 pk.
White Bliss Triumph	\$ 15	\$ 35	\$ 20	\$ 35	\$ 60	\$ 1 00	2 50
E. Thoro'bred, Maule's*	15	50	25	50	2 75	5 00	12 50
Burpee's Extra Early	15	35	25	40	75	1 50	4 00
Freeman	15	35	25	40	75	1 25	3 00
New Queen†	12	30	20	30	50	1 00	2 50
Monroe Seedling	12	30	20	30	50	1 25	3 00
Sir William	15	35	25	40	75	2 00	5 00
Carman No. 1	12	30	20	35	60	1 50	4 00
Carman No. 3	15	35	20	35	60	1 00	2 50
Manum's Enormous	15	35	20	35	60	1 00	2 50
New Craig	15	35	20	35	60	1 00	2 50

* The above prices of Early Thoroughbreds are for selected tubers, mostly from the crop grown by T. B. Terry. For seconds, half above prices. Very small Thoroughbreds, say about the size of marbles, will be sold at one-fourth prices in the table while they last. This will give everyone a chance to supply himself with seed at a very moderate price so long as the small sizes and seconds last.

We have several bushels of Thoroughbreds raised in North Carolina, sent us to plant for the second crop, that were not planted, because we did not have room for them. The potatoes have commenced to grow, and are showing signs of sprouting. Now, if any of the friends north or south have arrangements so they can plant them at once we will furnish them at half price given in table. As they are already started they can be easily cut to one eye, and will grow at once. We have planted quite a lot of them in our plant-beds; and by covering them with glass or cloth frames, when early frost comes we expect to get seed from them for planting next year.

† A piece of almost two acres of New Queen has just been dug, and the yield is 375 BUSHELS PER ACRE. I measured the ground myself, and counted the boxes of potatoes.